

THE
NURSERY RHYMES
OF
ENGLAND,

OBTAINED

Principally from Oral Tradition.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS

"Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, en puerorum
Nania." *Horat.*

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PREFACE.

THE first edition of this work was printed at the close of the year 1841, with a view only to a limited circulation among the members of the PERCY SOCIETY; but a demand for it, somewhat unusual when it is considered that its appearance was never advertised to the public, has occasioned the present edition, in which it is believed considerable improvements as well as additions will be found.

It has been the Editor's principal object to form as genuine a collection of the old vernacular rhymes of the English Nursery as he possibly could, without admitting any very modern compositions, at least none belonging to the present century. It may perhaps be difficult to prove the antiquity of all of them—in fact very few can be traced back even as far as the sixteenth century; but there is a peculiar style in most of the ancient ones that could not very well be imitated without detection by a practised ear.

Many of the most popular nursery rhymes are merely fragments of old ballads, and some of my readers will

probably detect more plagiarisms of this kind than I have yet been enabled to discover. The subject is a truly curious one, and it would perhaps occasion some difficulty to the most ingenious theorist to form a conjecture, that would account for the universal dissemination of these strange scraps, and their tradition through several centuries.

An ingenious writer has lately endeavored to find the 'originals' of our nursery rhymes in the ancient German language, and if the odd similarities produced by him in aid of his theory had been discovered instead of invented, it would have formed an interesting subject for antiquarian investigation. But as it is, I am afraid Mr. Ker will rarely receive thanks for treating so barbarously our dear old *nænia*; certainly not from the humble Editor, and those who with him regard with no very favorable eyes the attempts that have been made by Mrs. Child, and other American writers, to substitute popular science in that place in the education of infants, which these truly English compositions have so long occupied. I cannot help thinking that harmless and euphonious nonsense may reasonably be considered a more useful instrument in the hands of children than that overstraining of the intellect in very early age, which must unavoidably be the result of a more refined system.

If the indulgence of the public should be so far extended to my efforts in this very humble walk of literature, as to enable me at some future period to

attempt a more complete collection, I shall hope to render the classification less open to criticism than it is at present. The difficulties of doing so in many cases must be my apology ; and it is evident that the correct nomenclature cannot always be obtained.

Should my readers remember any nursery rhymes not inserted in this volume, or any different version of those here printed, and confer the great favor of communicating them to me,* they will be duly and thankfully acknowledged. On a former occasion I had to acknowledge my obligations to Sir E. F. BROMHEAD, Bart. and WILLIAM HENRY BLACK, Esq. I have now to add my best thanks to R. S. SHARPE, Esq. WILLIAM CHAPPELL, Esq. and E. F. RIMBAULT, Esq. for a few interesting contributions.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

I., O., *Oct. 31st*, 1842.

* Directed to me, care of Mr. J. R. Smith, 4, Old Compton Street, Soho Square, London.

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NURSERY RHYMES.

FIRST CLASS—HISTORICAL.

I.

[THE traditional Nursery Rhymes of England commence with ■ legendary satire on King Cole, who reigned in Britain, as the old chronicles inform us, in the third century after Christ. According to Robert of Gloucester, he was the father of St. Helena, and if so, Butler must be wrong in ascribing an obscure origin to the celebrated mother of Constantine. King Cole was ■ brave and popular man in his day, and ascended the throne of Britain on the death of Asclepiod, amidst the acclamations of the people, or, as Robert of Gloucester expresses himself, the 'folc was tho of this lond y-paid wel y-nou.' The following curious metrical history of King Cole is taken from Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle, in MS. Cotton. Calig. A. xi. fol. 30:—

Cole ■■■ a noble mon, and gret poer adde ■■ honde ;
Erl he was of Colchestre, here in thisse londe,
And Colchestre after his name i-cluped is ich understonde.
Ure loverd, among other thinges, him sende ■ vair sonde,
That he adde an holi doghter at Colchestre in this lond,
That Seint Eleyne is i-cluped, that the holi rode vond.
Bituene ure King Asclepiod and this erl withoute faile,
Ther were ■ gret worre, and that hii smite bataile ;

And the erl Cole slou then king and, tho he adde thun over hond,
 King he let him crownen here of this lond.
 That folc was tho of this lond y-paid wel y-nou,
 That he adde y-wonne the kinedom and he the other slou.
 The tydinge to Rome come, that the kyng as lawe was,
 That hom adde i-don so moche ssame, hii were glad of that cas.
 The noble prince hii sende hider the gode knight Constance,
 That wan hom alle poer of Spaine and ek of France.
 That he ssolde ek this lond winne agen to Rome,
 So that this noble prince and is men hider come.
 Tho the king Cole it under get, he dradde in is mod,
 Vor he was so noble knight that no mon him ne withstod :
 To him he sende of acord, gif it were is wille,
 That he wolde to Rome abuye and lete al contek be stille ;
 And under here is truage, other dude bivore,
 Vot what he hulde the kinedom wanne the truage were y-bore,
 Constance it grauntede and nom is truage,
 And nom also to be siker of him good ostage,
 And graunted him that kinedom and that pes of Rome,
 And bilevede in this lond to-gadere bothe i-some.
 A monthe it was therafter that Cole wel sik lay,
 And deide, as God it wolde, withinne the eichtethe day.

I find also another history of King Cole in the Chronicle of Brute, MS. Harl. 4690, fol. 11, as follows:—‘Thenne reigned this Asclepades in pees, ffor thatt oon of his erles that hight Cole made a faire towne ayenste the kingges wille, and cleped that towne Colechester by his name ; werefore the king was wrothe, and wold have destroyed the erle, and beganne to werre, and had grete strongthe, and gaff bateille to the erle ; but the erle defended him myghtly with his power, and slowghe the king himself in the bataile ; and thenne was Coel y-crowned king of this londe, and he reigned and governed the ream nobely, and was a gode man and welbeloved among the Brytonnes. Whonne thei of Rome herden that Asclepades was y-sleye, they were wonderly glad, and senten another grete prince of the Romaynes, the whiche hete Constance, and come to the King Cole to challenge his trewage thatt was woned to paiidd to Rome.

But the king answeryd and seid thatt resoun wolde and right, and thei accordedenne withoute contekke, and dwelledenne togeder with ffryenschippe. And thenne the kyng gaff to this Constance his daughter Elyne to wyfe, for she was fayre and wyse, and well y-lettred; and thenne this Constance wedded her with grete worschipp. Than anone after that, Cole dyghed in the xiii. yere of his reigne, and is entier entered atte Colchester.' At Colchester there is a large earth-work, supposed to have been a Roman amphitheatre, which goes popularly by the name of 'King Cole's kitchen.' According to Jeffery of Monmouth, King Cole's daughter was well skilled in music, but we unfortunately have no evidence to show that her father was attached to that science, further than what is contained in the following lines, which are of doubtful antiquity. The song was very popular a century ago, and may be found in Gay's ballad opera of Achilles, printed in 1733, and other similar pieces. I may mention also that in Lewis's 'History of Great Britain,' fol. Lond. 1729, three kings of Britain of the same name are mentioned.]

OLD King Cole

Was a merry old soul,

And a merry old soul was he ;

He called for his pipe,

And he called for his bowl,

And he called for his fiddlers three.

Every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,

And a very fine fiddle had he ;

Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers.

O, there's none so rare,

As can compare

With King Cole and his fiddlers three !

II.

WHEN good king Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king ;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums :
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside ;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

III.

[The following song, relating to Robin Hood, the celebrated outlaw, is well known at Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, where it constitutes one of the nursery series.]

ROBIN HOOD, Robin Hood,
Is in the mickle wood !
Little John, Little John,
He to the town is gone.

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is telling his beads,
All in the green wood,
Among the green weeds.

Little John, Little John,
If he comes no more,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
He will fret full sore !

IV.

[St. Hugh of Lincoln, a child's ballad. From Godalming in Surrey.]

HE tossed the ball so high, so high,
He tossed the ball so low ;
He tossed the ball in the Jews' garden,
And the Jews were all below.

O ! then out came the Jew's daughter,
She was dressed all in green ;
Come hither, come hither, my sweet pretty fellow,
And fetch your ball again.

v.

[The original of 'The House that Jack built' is presumed to be a hymn in *Sepher Haggadah*, fol. 23, a translation of which is here given. The historical interpretation was first given by P. N. Leberecht, at Leipsic in 1731, and is printed in the 'Christian Reformer,' vol. xvii. p. 28. The original is in the Chaldee language, and it may be mentioned that a very fine Hebrew manuscript of the fable, with illuminations, is in the possession of George Offor, Esq. of Hackney.]

1. A *kid*, a *kid*, my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
2. Then came *the cat*, and ate the kid
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
3. Then came *the dog*, and bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
4. Then came *the staff*, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

5. Then came *the fire*, and burned the staff,
 That beat the dog,
 That bit the cat,
 That ate the kid,
 That my father bought
 For two pieces of money :
 A kid, ■ kid.
6. Then came *the water*, and quenched the fire,
 That burned the staff,
 That beat the dog,
 That bit the cat,
 That ate the kid,
 That my father bought
 For two pieces of money :
 A kid, a kid.
7. Then came *the ox*, and drank the water,
 That quenched the fire,
 That burned the staff,
 That beat the dog,
 That bit the cat,
 That ate the kid,
 That my father bought
 For two pieces of money :
 ■ A kid, a kid.
8. Then came *the butcher*, and slew the ox,
 That drank the water,

That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

9. Then came *the angel of death* and killed the
butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

10. Then came the *Holy One*, blessed be He!
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,

That burned the staff,
 That beat the dog,
 That bit the cat,
 That ate the kid,
 That my father bought
 For two pieces of money :
 A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation :—

1. The kid, which was one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father, by whom it was purchased, is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.
 2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.
 3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.
 4. The staff signifies the Persians.
 5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great.
 6. The water betokens the Roman, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whose dominion the Jews were subjected.
 7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the caliphate.
 8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.
 9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to which it is still subject.
 10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.
-

VI.

[The following version of a popular rhyme is in one of Douce's books. I consider it to refer to the rebellious times of Richard II.]

My father he died, I cannot tell how,
 But he left me six horses to drive out my plough :
 With a wimmy lo ! wommy lo ! Jack Straw blazey
 boys !
 Wimmy lo ! wommy lo ! wob, wob, wob !

VII.

My father he died, but I can't tell you how,
 He left me six horses to drive in my plough :
 With my wing wang waddle oh,
 Jack sing saddle oh,
 Blowsey boys bubble oh,
 Under the broom.

I sold my six horses and bought me a cow,
 I'd fain have made a fortune, but did not know how :
 With my, &c.

I sold my cow, and I bought me a calf ;
 I'd fain have made a fortune, but lost the best half :
 With my, &c.

I sold my calf, and I bought me a cat ;
 A pretty thing she was, in my chimney corner sat :
 With my, &c.

I sold my cat, and bought me a mouse ;
 He carried fire in his tail, and burnt down my house :
 With my, &c.

VIII.

[The same song as the preceding, dictated by a lady now living
 in the Isle of Man, but a far better version.]

MY daddy is dead, but I can't tell you how ;
 But he left me six horses to follow the plough :
 With my whim wham waddle ho !
 Strim stram straddle ho !
 Bubble ho ! pretty boy,
 Over the brow.

I sold my six horses to buy me a cow,
 And wasn't that a pretty thing to follow the plough ?
 With my, &c.

I sold my cow to buy me a calf,
 For I never made a bargain, but I lost the best half.
 With my, &c.

I sold my calf to buy me a cat,
 To sit down before the fire, to warm her little back :
 With my, &c.

I sold my cat to buy me a mouse,
 But she took fire in her tail, and so burnt up my house :
 With my, &c.

 IX.

[The following perhaps refers to Joanna of Castile, who visited
 the court of Henry the Seventh, in the year 1506.]

I had a little nut-tree, nothing would it bear
 But a golden nutmeg and a silver pear ;
 The king of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
 And all for the sake of my little nut-tree.

 X.

[There is an old proverb which says that ' a cat may look at a king,'
 Whether the same adage applies equally to a female sovereign, and
 is referred to in the following nursery song, or whether it alludes to the
 glorious Queen Bess, is now a matter of uncertainty.]

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been ?
 I've been up to London to look at the Queen.
 Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there ?
 I frighten'd a little mouse under the chair.

XI.

THE rose is red, the grass is green,
 Serve Queen Bess our noble Queen !
 Kitty the spinner
 Will sit down to dinner,
 And eat the leg of a frog ;
 All good people
 Look over the steeple,
 And see the cat play with the dog.

XII.

[From MS. Sloane, 1489, fol. 19, written about the year 1600. Mr. Wright informs me this relates to events in the reign of James I.]

THERE was a monkey climbed up a tree,
 When he fell down, then down fell he.
 There was a crow sat on a stone,
 When he was gone, then was there none.
 There was an old wife did eat an apple,
 When she had eat two, she had eat a couple.
 There was a horse going to the mill,
 When he went on, he stood not still.
 There was a butcher cut his thumb,
 When it did bleed, the blood did come.
 There was a lackey ran a race,
 When he ran fast, he ran apace.

There was a cobbler clowting shoon,
When they were mended, they were done.

There was a chandler making candle,
When he them stript, he did them handle.

There was a navy went into Spain,
When it returned it came again.

XIII.

LITTLE General Monk
Sat upon a trunk,
Eating a crust of bread ;
There fell a hot coal
And burnt in his clothes a hole,
Now little General Monk is dead.
Keep always from the fire ;
If it catch your attire,
You too, like Monk, will be dead.

XIV.

As I was going by Charing Cross,
I saw a black man upon a black horse ;
They told me it was King Charles the First :
O dear ! my heart was ready to burst !

XV.

HIGH diddle ding
 Did you hear the bells ring?
 The parliament soldiers are gone to the king!
 Some they did laugh, some they did cry,
 To see the parliament soldiers pass by.

XVI.

HIGH ding a ding, and ho ding a ding,
 The parliament soldiers are gone to the king;
 Some with new beavers, some with new bands,
 The parliament soldiers are all to be hang'd.

XVII.

[Taken from MS. Douce, 357, fol. 124. See Echard's 'History of England,' book iii. chap. 1.]

SEE saw, sack-a-day;
 Monmouth is a prettie boy,
 Richmond is another,
 Grafton is my onely joy,
 And why should I these three destroy,
 To please a pious brother?

XVIII.

[Written on occasion of the marriage of Mary, the daughter of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II. with the young Prince of Orange. See the entire song in the next number, but the following three lines ~~are~~ those ~~now~~ appropriated to the nursery.]

WHAT is the rhyme for *porringer* ?
 The king he had a daughter fair,
 And gave the Prince of Orange her.

XIX.

[From 'Jacobite Minstrelsy,' 12mo, Glasgow, 1828, page 28.]

O WHAT'S the rhyme to *porringer* ?
 Ken ye the rhyme to *porringer* ?
 King James the Seventh had æ daughter,
 And he gae her to an Oranger.
 Ken ye how he requited him ?
 Ken ye how he requited him ?
 The lad has into England come,
 And ta'en the crown in spite of him.
 The dog, he shall na keep it long,
 To flinch we'll make him fain again ;
 We'll hing him high upon a tree,
 And James shall hae his ain again.
 Ken ye the rhyme to *grasshopper* ?
 Ken ye the rhyme to *grasshopper* ?
 A hempen rein, and a horse o tree,
 A psalm book—and a presbyter.

XX.

[The following nursery song alludes to William III. and George,
Prince of Denmark.]

WILLIAM and Mary, George and Anne,
Four such children had never a man :
They put their father to flight and shame,
And call'd their brother a shocking bad name.

XXI.

OVER the water, and over the lee,
And over the water to Charley.
Charley loves good ale and wine,
And Charley loves good brandy,
And Charley loves a pretty girl,
As sweet as sugar-candy.

XXII.

BOBBY SHAFTO 's gone to sea,
With silver buckles at his knee ;
He 'll come home and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shafto !
Bobby Shafto 's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair ;
He's my love for evermore !
Pretty Bobby Shafto !

XXIII.

[The following may possibly allude to King George and the Pretender.]

JIM and George were two great lords,
 They fought all in a churn ;
 And when that Jim got George by the nose,
 Then George began to gern.

XXIV.

[The following is a fragment of a song on the subject, which was introduced by Russell in the character of Jerry Sneak. Mr. Sharpe showed me a copy of the song with the music to it.]

POOR old Robinson Crusoe !
 Poor old Robinson Crusoe !
 They made him a coat,
 Of an old nanny goat,
 I wonder how they could do so !
 With a ring a ting tang,
 And a ring a ting tang,
 Poor old Robinson Crusoe !

XXV.

[In a little tract, called 'The Pigges Corantoe, or Newes from the North,' 4to, Lond. 1642, this is called 'Old Tarlton's Song.' This fact is mentioned in Mr. Collier's 'Hist. Dram. Poet,' vol. ii. p. 352, and also in the preface to Mr. Wright's 'Political Ballads,' printed for the Percy Society. It is perhaps a parody on the popular epigram ■ ■ 'Jack and Jill.' I do not know the period of the battle to which it appears to allude.]

THE king of France went up the hill,
 With twenty thousand men ;
 The king of France came down the hill,
 And ne'er went up again.

XXVI.

[From MS. Sloane, 1498, fol. 19, written about the year 1600.]

THE king of France, and four thousand men,
 They drew their swords and put 'em up again.

SECOND CLASS—TALES.

XXVII.

THERE was an old woman had three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John :
Jerry was hung, James was drowned,
John was lost and never was found,
And there was an end of her three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John !

XXVIII.

THERE was a man of Newington,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jump'd into a quickset hedge,
And scratched out both his eyes ;
But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another hedge,
And scratch'd 'em in again.

XXIX.

WHEN I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I laid upon the shelf;
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife;
The roads were so bad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow.
The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife had a fall;
Deuce take the wheelbarrow, wife, and all.

XXX.

Rowsty dowl, my fire 's all out,
My little dame is not at home!
I'll saddle my cock, and bridle my hen,
And fetch my little dame home again!
Home she came, tritty trot,
She asked for the porridge she left in the pot;
Some she ate and some she shod,
And some she gave to the truckler's dog;
She took up the ladle and knocked its head,
And now poor Dapsy dog is dead!

XXXI.

ROBIN and Richard
 Were two pretty men ;
 They laid in bed
 Till the clock struck ten ;
 Then up starts Robin
 And looks at the sky,
 O! brother Richard,
 The sun 's very high.
 You go before with the bottle and bag,
 And I will come after on little Jack Nag.
 You go first, and open the gate,
 And I'll come after, and break your pate.

XXXII.

[From MS. Bib. Reg. 8 A. v. fol. 52, of the time of Henry VIII.]

WE make no spare
 Of John Hunkes' mare ;
 And now I
 Think she will die :
 He thought it good
 To put her in the wood,
 To seek where she might ly dry ;
 If the mare should chance to fale,
 Then the crownes would for her sale.

XXXIII.

I HAD a little dog, and his name was Blue Bell,
 I gave him some work, and he did it very well ;
 I sent him up stairs to pick up a pin,
 He stepped into the coal-scuttle up to the chin.
 I sent him to the garden to pick some sage,
 He tumbled down and fell in a rage ;
 I sent him to the cellar, to draw a pot of beer,
 He came up again and said there was none there.

XXXIV.

THERE was a little man,
 And he woo'd a little maid,
 And he said, little maid, will you wed, wed, wed ?
 I have little more to say,
 Than will you, yea or nay,
 For least said is soonest mended—ded, ded, ded.

The little maid replied,
 Some say a little sighed,
 But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat ?
 Will the love that you're so rich in
 Make a fire in the kitchen ?
 Or the little god of Love turn the spit—spit, spit ?

XXXV.

I HAD a little moppet,
I put it in my pocket,
And fed it with corn and hay ;
Then came a proud beggar,
And swore he would have her,
And stole little moppet away.

XXXVI.

THERE were two birds sat on a stone,
Fa la, la, la, lal, de ;
One flew away, and then there was one,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de ;
The other flew after, and then there was none,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de ;
And so the poor stone was left all alone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de !

XXXVII.

THERE was a little Guinea-pig,
Who, being little, was not big,
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,
 He never at that place did stay ;
 And while he ran, as I am told,
 He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeak'd, and sometimes vi'lent,
 And when he squeak'd he ne'er was silent :
 Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
 He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certified,
 He took a whim and fairly died ;
 And, as I'm told by men of sense, "
 He never has been living since.

 XXXVIII.

Did you not hear of Betty Pringle's pig ?
 It was not very little, nor yet very big ;
 The pig sat down upon a dunghill,
 And then poor piggy he made his will.

Betty Pringle came to see this pretty pig,
 That was not very little, nor yet very big ;
 This little piggy it lay down and died,
 And Betty Pringle sat down and cried.

Then Johnny Pringle buried this very pretty pig,
 That was not very little, nor yet very big ;
 So here 's an end of the song of all three,
 Johnny Pringle, Betty Pringle, and the little Piggie.

XXXIX.

THREE wise men of Gotham,
 Went to sea in a bowl:
 And if the bowl had been stronger,
 My song would have been longer.

XL.

[The following was most probably taken from a poetical tale in the 'Choyce Poems,' 12mo, Lond. 1662. As it is a very popular nursery song, I shall give the tale to which I allude in No. xli.]

THREE children sliding on the ice,
 Upon a summer's day,
 As it fell out, they all fell in,
 The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
 Or sliding on dry ground,
 Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
 They had not all been drown'd.

You parents all that children have,
 And you that have got none,
 If you would have them safe abroad,
 Pray keep them safe at home.

XLI.

[From 'Ovid de Arte Amandi, &c. Englished, together with
Choice Poems, and rare Pieces of Drollery.' 1662.]

COME Christian people, *all* give ear,
Unto the grief of us,
Caused by the death of three children dear ;
The which it hap'ned thus.

And eke there befel an accident,
By fault of a carpenter's son,
Who to *saw* chips his sharp axe lent,
Wo woeth the time may Lon—

May London say, *wo woeth* the carpenter,
And all such *block-head* fools,
Would he were hang'd up like a serpent here,
For jesting with edge-tools.

For into the chips there fell a spark,
Which *put out* in such flames,
That it was known in Southwark,
Which lies beyond the Thames.

For *lo*, the bridge was wondrous *high*,
With water underneath,
O'er which as many *fishes* fly,
As *birds* therein doth breathe.

And yet the fire consum'd the bridge,
Not far from place of landing ;
And though the building was full big,
It *fell down* not-with-standing.

And eke into the water fell
So many pewter dishes,
That a man might have taken up very well
Both *boil'd* and *roasted* fishes.

And that the *bridge* of London town,
For building that was sumptuous,
Was *all* by fire *half* burnt down,
For being too contemptuous :

And thus you have all but half my song,
Pray list to what comes after ;
For now I have *cool'd* you with the *fire*,
I'll *warm* you with the *water*.

I'll tell you what the river's name is,
Where these children did slide-a,
It was fair London's swiftest Thames,
That keeps both time and tide-a.

All on the tenth of January,
To the wonder of much people,
'Twas frozen o'er, that well 'twould bear
Almost ■ country steeple.

Three children sliding thereabouts,
 Upon a place *too thin*,
 That so at last it did fall *out*,
 That they did all fall *in*.

A great lord there was that laid with the king,
 And with the king great wager makes :
 But when he saw he could not win,
 He seight, and would have drawn stakes.

He said it would bear a man for to slide,
 And laid a hundred pound ;
 The king said it would break, and so it did,
 For three children there were drown'd.

Of which one's head was from his *should-*
Ers stricken, whose name was John,
 Who then cry'd out as loud as he could,
 ' O, Lon-a, Lon-a, London !

' O ! tut,-tut,-turn from thy sinful race,'
 Thus did his speech decay ;
 I wonder that in such a case
 He had no more to say.

And thus being drown'd, alack, alack,
 The water run down their throats,
 And stopt their breath three hours by the clock,
 Before they could get any boats.

Ye parents all that *children have*,
 And ye that have none yet ;
 Preserve your children from the grave,
 And teach them at home to sit.

For had they at a sermon been,
 Or else upon dry ground,
 Why then I would have never been seen,
 If that they had been *drown'd*.

Even as a huntsman ties his dogs,
 For fear they should go from him ;
 So tie you children with severity's clogs,
 Untie 'em, and you'll undo 'em.

God bless our noble parliament,
 And rid them from all fears !
 God bless all the *commons* of this land,
 And God bless *some* o' th' peers !

 XLII.

THERE was an old man,
 And he had a calf,
 And that 's half :
 He took him out of the stall,
 And put him on the wall]
 And that 's all.

XLIII.

THERE was an old man in a velvet coat
 He kiss'd a maid and gave her a groat ;
 The groat was crack'd and would not go,—
 Ah, old man, d'ye serve me so ?

XLIV.

I'LL tell you a story,
 About Jack a Nory,
 And now my story 's begun :
 I'll tell you another
 About Jack his brother,
 And now my story 's done.

XLV.

THE man in the moon,
 Came tumbling down,
 And ask'd his way to Norwich.
 He went by the south,
 And burnt his mouth,
 With supping cold pease porridge.

XLVI.

TOM, TOM, the piper's son,
 Stole a pig, and away he run !
 The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
 And Tom went roaring down the street !

XLVII.

[The following is quoted in the song of Mad Tom. See my Introduction to Shakspeare's *Mids. Night's Dream*, p. 55.]

THE man in the moon drinks claret,
 But he is a dull Jack-a-Dandy ;
 Would he know a sheep's head from a carrot,
 He should learn to drink cider and brandy.

XLVIII.

THERE was an old woman
 Liv'd under the hill,
 She put a mouse in a bag,
 And sent it to mill ;

The miller did swear,
 By the point of his knife,
 He never took toll
 Of a mouse in his life !

XLIX.

FOUR and twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
 The best man among them durst not touch her tail ;
 She put out her horns like a little kyloe cow,
 Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all e'en now.

L.

JACK Sprat could eat no fat,
 His wife could eat no lean ;
 And so, betwixt them both, you see,
 They lick'd the platter clean.

LI.

LITTLE Jack Jingle,
 He used to live single ;
 But when he got tired of this kind of life,
 He left off being single, and liv'd with his wife.

LII.

[The last verse of the following song is popular in our nurseries, and must be of great antiquity, as it is alluded to in MS. Lansd. 762, in a poem of the time of Henry VII. See Reliquiæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 288.]

COME all ye brisk young bachelors,
 That wish to have good wives ;
 I'd have you be precautious,
 How you spend your lives.
 For women they are as various,
 As the fish are in the sea ;
 They're ten times more precarious,
 Than a winter or summer's day!

When first you begin to court them,
They're as mild as any dove,
And you will think them,
Full worthy of your love ;
But when you do get married,
The case is altered then ;
For you will find, my friend,
They can let loose their tongues !

Now Aristotle chose
A most commodious wife,
As ever was in this land, sir,
A partner for his life ;
But soon he found out,
'Twas all a hum,
You must not stay to pick them,
But take them as they come !

Blank or prize 'tis all a chance,
Shut your eyes and then advance !
Whiche'er you toach be pleased at once,
For you must pay, let who will dance.

There was a victim in a cart,
One day for to be hung ;
And his reprieve was granted,
And the cart was made to stand ;

'Come, marry a wife and save your life!'

The judge aloud did cry.

'O, why should I corrupt my life?'

The victim did reply :

'For here 's a crowd of every sort,
And why should I prevent the sport ?

The bargain 's bad in every part—

The wife 's the worst ; drive on the cart !'

LIII.

THE lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown ;
The lion beat the unicorn,
All round about the town.

Some gave him white bread,
And some gave him brown ;

Some gave him plum cake,
And sent him out of town.

LIV.

DOCTOR Faustus was a good man,
He whipt his scholars now and then ;
When he whipp'd them he made them dance
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipp'd them back again !

LV.

LITTLE Miss Mopsey,
Sat in the shopsey,
Eating of curds and whey ;
There came a little spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Mopsey away !

LVI.

TOM married a wife on Sunday,
Beat her well on Monday,
Bad was she on Tuesday,
Middling was she on Wednesday,
Worse was she on Thursday,
Dead was she on Friday ;
Glad was Tom on Saturday night,
To bury his wife on Sunday.

LVII.

LITTLE blue Betty lived in a den,
She sold good ale to gentlemen :
Gentlemen came every day,
And little blue Betty hopp'd away.
She hopp'd up stairs to make her bed,
And she tumbled down and broke her head.

LVIII.

THERE was a crooked man, and he went a crooked
 mile,
 He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile:
 He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked
 mouse,
 And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

LIX.

SOLOMON GRUNDY,
 Born on Monday,
 Christened on Tuesday,
 Married on Wednesday,
 Took ill on Thursday,
 Worse on Friday,
 Died on Saturday,
 Buried on Sunday;
 This is the end
 Of Solomon Grundy.

LX.

THE fox and his wife they had a great strife,
 They never ate mustard in all their whole life;
 They eat their meat without fork or knife,
 And loved to be picking a bone, e-oh!

The fox jumped up on a moonlight night ;
The stars they were shining, and all things bright ;
O, ho ! said the fox, it 's a very fine night
For me to go through the town, e-oh !

The fox when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his lugs and he listened a while !
O, ho ! said the fox, it 's but a short mile
From this unto yonder wee town, e-oh !

The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
Who should he see but the farmer's drake ;
I love you well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bone, e-oh !

The grey goose she ran round the hay-stack,
O, ho ! said the fox, you are very fat ;
You 'll grease my beard and ride on my back,
From this into yonder wee town, e-oh !

The farmer's wife she jump'd out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head !
O, husband ! O, husband ! the geese are all dead,
For the fox has been through the town, e-oh !

The farmer he loaded his pistol with lead,
And shot the old rogue of a fox through the head ;
Ah, ha, said the farmer, I think you are quite dead ;
And no more you 'll trouble the town, e-oh !

LXI.

[The 'Song of the False Fox,' printed from a MS. at Cambridge, of the fifteenth century in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol.i, p. 4, is here given on account of its similarity to the preceding song.]

THE fals fox camme unto owre croft,
 And so oure gese ful fast he sought ;
 With how, fox, how ! With hey, fox, hey !
 Comme no more unto oure howse to bere owre
 gese awaye.

The fals fox camme unto oure stye,
 And toke oure gese there by and by ;
 With how, &c.

The fals fox camme into oure yerde,
 And there he made the gese aferde ;
 With how, &c.

The fals fox camme unto oure gate,
 And toke our gese there were they sate ;
 With how, &c.

The fals fox camme to owre halle dore,
 And shrove oure gese there in the flore ;
 With how, &c.

The fals fox camme into oure halle,
 And assoyled oure gese both grete and small ;
 With how, &c.

The fals fox camme unto oure cowpe,
And there he made our gese to stowpe ;
With how, &c.

He toke a gose fast by the neck,
And the goose thoo begann to quek ;
With how, &c.

The good wyfe camme out in her smok,
And at the fox she threw hir rok ;
With how, &c.

The good mann camme out with his flayle,
And smote the fox upon the taylor ;
With how, &c.

He threw a gose upon his bak,
And furth he went thoo with his pak ;
With how, &c.

The good man swore, yf that he myght,
He wolde hym slee or it were nyght ;
With how, &c.

The fals fox went into his denne,
And there he was full mery thenne ;
With how, &c.

He camme agene the next wek,
And toke away both henne and chek ;
With how, &c.

The good man saide unto his wyfe,
 This fals fox lyveth a mery lyfe ;
 With how, &c.

The fals fox camme uppon a day,
 And with oure gese he made a ffray ;
 With how, &c.

He toke a gose fast by the nek,
 And made her to say wheccumquek ;
 With how, &c.

I pray the, fox, said the goose thoo,
 Take of my fethers, but not of my to.
 With how, &c.

 LXII.

THERE was an old man, who lived in a wood,
 As you may plainly see ;
 He said he could do as much work in a day,
 As his wife could do in three.
 With all my heart, the old woman said,
 If that you will allow,
 To-morrow you'll stay at home in my stead,
 And I'll go drive the plough.
 But you must milk the Tidy cow,
 For fear that she go dry ;
 And you must feed the little pigs
 That are within the sty ;

And you must mind the speckled hen,
 For fear she lay away ;
 And you must reel the spool of yarn
 That I spun yesterday.

The old woman took a staff in her hand,
 And went to drive the plough ;
 The old man took a pail in his hand,
 And went to milk the cow ;
 But Tidy hunched, and Tidy flinched,
 And Tidy broke his nose,
 And Tidy gave him such a blow,
 That the blood ran down to his toes !

High ! Tidy ! Ho ! Tidy ! high !
 Tidy ! do stand still,
 If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,
 'Twill be sore against my will !
 He went to feed the little pigs,
 That were within the sty ;
 He hit his head against the beam,
 And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,
 For fear she'd lay astray ;
 And he forgot the spool of yarn
 His wife spun yesterday.

So he swore by the sun, the moon, and the stars,
 And the green leaves on the tree,
 If his wife didn't do a day's work in her life,
 She should ne'er be rul'd by he.

 LXIII.

THERE was a man in our toone, in our toone, in our
 toone,

There was a man in our toone, and his name was
 Billy Pod ;

And he played upon an old razor, an old razor, an
 old razor,

And he played upon an old razor, with my fiddle
 fiddle fe fum fo.

And his hat it was made of the good roast beef, the
 good roast beef, &c.

And his hat it was made of the good roast beef, and
 his name was Billy Pod ;

And he played upon an old razor, &c. &c.

And his coat it was made of the good fat tripe, the
 good fat tripe, the good fat tripe,

And his coat it was made of the good fat tripe, and
 his name was Billy Pod ;

And he played upon an old razor, &c.

And his breeks they were made of the bawbie baps,
the bawbie baps, &c.

And his breeks they were made of the bawbie baps,
and his name was Billy Pod ;
And he played upon an old razor, &c.

And there was a man in tither toone, in tither toone,
in tither toone,
And there was a man in tither toone, and his name
was Edrin Drum ;
And he played upon an old laadle, an old laadle, an
old laadle,
And he played upon an old laadle, with my fiddle
fiddle fe fum fo.

And he eat up all the good roast beef, the good roast
beef, &c. &c.
And he eat up all the good fat tripe, the good fat
tripe, &c. &c.
And eat up all the bawpie baps, &c. and his name
was Edrin Drum.

LXIV.

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead,
He went to a brook,
And fired at a duck,
And shot him right through the head, head, head.
He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bid her a fire for to make, make, make.
To roast the little duck,
He'd shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake.
The drake was swimming,
With his curly tail ;
The little man made it his mark, mark, mark,
He let off his gun,
But he fired too soon,
And the drake flew away with a quack, quack, quack.

LXV.

THE little priest of Felton,
The little priest of Felton,
He kill'd a mouse within his house,
And ne'er ■ one to help him.

LXVI.

LUCY LOCKET lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it ;
But the devil a penny was there in it,
Except the binding round it.

LXVII.

JACK and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water ;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

LXVIII.

SAYS Aaron to Moses,
Let's cut off our noses :
Says Moses to Aaron,
'Tis the fashion to wear 'em.

LXIX.

SAYS Moses to Aaron,
That fellow 's ■ swearing :
Says Aaron to Moses,
He 's drunk I supposes.

LXX.

AARON said unto Moses,
Let's sit down and fuddle our noses,*
Then said Moses unto Aaron,
'Twill do us more harm than you're aware on,
So lend us your tobacco-box, for I've got ne'er a one.

LXXI.

BESSY BELL and Mary Gray,
They were two bonnie lasses :
They built their house upon the lea,
And covered it with rushes.

Bessy kept the garden gate,
And Mary kept the pantry :
Bessy always had to wait,
While Mary lived in plenty.

* See ■ similar line in Ritson's 'Northern Garlands,' 8vo. London, 1810, p. 39.

LXXII.

My lady Wind, my lady Wind,
Went round about the house to find
 A chink to get her foot in :
She tried the key-hole in the door,
She tried the crevice in the floor,
 And drove the chimney soot in.

And then one night when it was dark,
She blew up such a tiny spark,
 That all the house was pothered :
From it she raised up such a flame,
As flamed away to Belting Lane,
 And White Cross folks were smothered.

And thus when once, my little dears,
A whisper reaches itching ears,
 The same will come, you'll find :
Take my advice, restrain the tongue,
Remember what old nurse has sung
 Of busy lady Wind !

LXXIII.

UP street and down street,
 Each window 's made of glass ;
 If you go to Tommy Tickler's house,
 You'll find a pretty lass :

Hug her and kiss her,
 And take her on your knee ;
 And whisper very close,
 Darling girl, do you love me ?

LXXIV.

ROBIN the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
 He eat more meat than fourscore men ;
 He eat a cow, he eat a calf,
 He eat a butcher and a half ;
 He eat a church, he eat a steeple,
 He eat the priest and all the people !

LXXV.

PEG, Peg, with a wooden leg,
 Her father was a miller :
 He tossed the dumpling at her head,
 And said he could not kill her.

LXXVI.

[The tale of Jack Horner has long been appropriated to the nursery. The four lines which follow are the traditional ones, and they form part of 'The pleasant History of Jack Horner, containing his witty Tricks and pleasant Pranks, which he plaid from his Youth his riper Years,' 12mo; a copy of which is in the Bodleian Library. I have reprinted it at the end of this volume.]

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in the corner,
 Eating a Christmas pie;
 He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,
 And said, 'What a good boy am I!'

LXXVII.

[This nursery song may probably commemorate ■ part of Tom Thumb's history, extant in a little Danish work, treating of 'Swain Tomling, ■ man no bigger than a thumb, who would be married to ■ woman three ells and three quarters long.' See Mr. Thoms' Preface to 'Tom à Lincoln,' p. 11.]

I HAD a little husband,
 No bigger than my thumb;
 I put him in a pint pot,
 And there I bade him drum:
 I bridled him, and saddled him,
 And sent him out of town;
 I gave him a pair of garters
 To tie up his little hose;
 And a little handkerchief,
 To wipe his little nose.

LXXVIII.

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
 She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
 She gave them some broth without any bread,
 She whipped them all well and put them to bed.

LXXIX.

[Another version, from " Infant Institutes," 3vo. Lon. 1797, p. 31.]

THERE was an old woman, and she liv'd in a shoe,
 She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
 She crumm'd 'em some porridge without any bread,
 And she borrow'd a beetle, and she knock'd 'em all
 o' th' head.

LXXX.

[The following is a Scotch version of the ■■■■ song. The concluding stanzas appear to be borrowed from ' Mother Hubbard.']

THERE was a wee bit wifie,
 Who lived in a shoe ;
 She had so many bairns,
 She kenn'd na what to do.

She gaed to the market
To buy a sheep-head ;
When she came back
They were a' lying dead.
She went to the wright
To get them a coffin ;
When she came back
They were a' lying laughing.
She gaed up the stair,
To ring the bell ;
The bell-rope broke,
And down she fell.

LXXXI.

As I went over the water,
The water went over me,
I heard an old woman crying,
Will you buy some furmity ?

LXXXII.

Taffy was a Welchman, Taffy was a thief ;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a piece of beef :
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home ;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a marrow-bone.

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in ;
 Taffy came to my house, and stole a silver pin :
 I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
 I took up a poker and flung it at his head.

LXXXIII.

OLD Dr. Foster* went to Gloster,
 To preach the word of God ;
 When he came there, he sat in his chair,
 And gave all the people a nod.

LXXXIV.

[The following lines, slightly altered, in a little black-letter book by W. Wager, printed about the year 1560. See also a whole song, ending with these lines, in Ritson's 'North Country Chorister,' 8vo. Durham, 1802, p. 1.]

BRYAN O'LIN, and his wife, and wife's mother,
 All went over a bridge together :
 The bridge was loose, and they all tumbled in,
 What a precious concern ! 'cried Bryan O'Lin.

* Perhaps the clergyman mentioned by Pope :—

' Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
 Ten metropolitans in preaching well.'

LXXXV.

THE carrion crow, he sat upon an oak,
 And he called the tailor a cheating folk ;
 ' Sing heigho, the carrion crow,
 Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de rhino.'

Wife, fetch me my good strong bow,
 That I may kill the carrion crow.
 ' Sing heigho,' &c.

The tailor shot, and missed his mark,
 And shot the old sow through the heart.
 ' Sing heigho,' &c.



LXXXVI.

[Another version.]

A carrion crow sat on an oak,
 Watching a tailor shape his cloak :
 Wife, said he, bring me my bow,
 That I may shoot yon carrion crow.

The tailor shot and miss'd his mark,
 And shot his own sow through the heart ;
 Wife, bring me some brandy in a spoon,
 For our old sow is in a swoon.

LXXXVII.

[Another version from MS. Sloane, 1489, fol. 17, written about the year 1600.]

Hic hoc, the carrion crow,
 For I've shot something too low :
 I have quite missed my mark,
 And shot the poor sow to the heart ;
 Wife, bring treacle in a spoon,
 Or else the poor sow's heart will down.

LXXXVIII.

THERE was an old woman sat spinning,
 And that 's the first beginning :
 She had a calf ;
 And that 's half ;
 She took it by the tail,
 And threw it over the wall,
 And that 's all.

LXXXIX.

SOME little mice sat in a barn to spin ;
 Pussy came by, and she popped her head in :
 ' Shall I come in, and cut your threads off ? '
 ' O ! no, kind sir, you will snap our heads off ! '

XC.

THREE blind mice, see how they run !
 They all ran after the farmer's wife,
 Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife,
 Did you ever see such fools in your life ?
 Three blind mice.

XCI.

ST. DUNSTAN, as the story goes,
 Once pulled the devil by the nose,
 With red-hot tongs, which made him roar,
 That he was heard ten miles or more.

XCII.

As I was walking o'er little Moorfields,
 I saw St. Paul's a running on wheels,
 With a fee, fo, fum.
 Then for further frolics I'll go to France,
 While Jack shall sing and his wife shall dance,
 With a fee, fo, fum.

XCIII.

[From Worcestershire.]

THERE was a little nobby colt,
 His name was Nobby Grey ;
 His head was made of pounce straw,
 His tail was made of hay ;
 He could ramble, he could trot,
 He could carry a mustard-pot,
 Round the town of Woodstock.

XCIV.

TOMMY TTROT, a man of law,
 Sold his bed and lay upon straw ;
 Sold the straw and slept on grass,
 To buy his wife a looking-glass.

XCV.

THERE was a lady lov'd a swine,
 Honey, quoth she,
 Pig, Hog, wilt thou be mine ?
 Hoogh, quoth he.

I'll build thee a silver sty,
 Honey, quoth she ;
 And in it thou shalt lie :
 Hoogh, quoth he.

Pinn'd with a silver pin,
Honey, quoth she ;
That you may go out and in ;
Hoogh, quoth he.

Wilt thou have me now,
Honey ? quoth she,
Hoogh, hoogh, hoogh, quoth he,
And went his way.

XCVI.

THERE was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell ;
She went to market all on a market-day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

There came by a pedlar whose name was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about,
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When this little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake,
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
'Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I !

‘But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
 I’ve a little dog at home, and he’ll know me;
 If it be I, he’ll wag his little tail,
 And if it be not I, he’ll loudly bark and wail!’

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
 Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
 He began to bark, so she began to cry,
 ‘Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I!’

 XCVII.

LITTLE Jack Dandy-prat was my first suitor;
 He had a dish and a spoon, and he’d some pewter:
 He’d linen and woollen, and woollen and linen,
 A little pig in a string cost him five shilling.

 XCVIII.

LITTLE Mary Ester,
 Sat upon a tester,
 Eating of curds and whey;
 There came a little spider,
 And sat him down beside her,
 And frightened Mary Ester away.

XCIX.

[This nursery rhyme is quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Bonduca,' Act. v. sc. 2. It is probable also that Sir Toby alludes to this song in 'Twelfth Night,' Act ii. sc. 3, when he says, 'Come on; there is sixpence for you; let's have a song.'

SING a song of sixpence,
 A bag full of rye;
 Four and twenty blackbirds
 Baked in a pie;

When the pie was open'd,
 The birds began to sing;
 Was not that a dainty dish
 To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house
 Counting out his money;
 The queen was in the parlor
 Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden
 Hanging out the clothes,
 There came a little blackbird,
 And snapt off her nose.

Jenny was so mad,
 She didn't know what to do;
 She put her finger in her ear,
 And crackt it right in two.

C.

THE cock 's on the dunghill a blowing his horn ;
The bull 's in the barn a thrashing of corn ;
The maids in the meadow are making of hay ;
The ducks in the rivers are swimming away.

CI.

YANKEE DOODLE came to town,
How do you think they served him ?
One took his bag, another his scrip,
The quicker for to starve him.

CII.

LITTLE Jenny Wren fell sick upon a time,
When in came Robin Red-breast, and brought her
bread and wine ;
' Eat, Jenny, drink, Jenny, all shall be thine !'
Then Jenny she got better, and stood upon her feet,
And says to little Robin, ' I love thee not a bit !'
Then Robin he was angry and flew upon a twig,
' Hoot upon thee, fie upon thee, ungrateful chit !'

CIII.

[Another version.]

JENNY WREN fell sick
Upon a merry time ;
In came Robin Red-breast,
And brought her sops and wine.

Eat well of the sop, Jenny,
Drink well of the wine ;
Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine.

Jenny, she got well,
And stood upon her feet,
And told Robin plainly,
She lov'd him not a bit.

Robin being angry,
Hopped on a twig,
Saying, out upon you,
Fy upon you, bold fac'd jig!

CIV.

THE STORY OF CATSKIN.

[As related by an old nurse, aged eighty-one. The story is of oriental origin ; but the song, as recited, was so very imperfect, that a few necessary additions and alterations have been made.]

THERE once was a gentleman grand,
Who lived at his country-seat ;
He wanted an heir to his land,
For he 'd nothing but daughters yet.

His lady 's again in the way,
So she said to her husband with joy—
' I hope some or other fine day,
To present you, my dear, with a boy.'

The gentleman answered gruff,
' If 't should turn out a maid or a mouse,
For of both we have more than enough,
She shan't stay to live in my house.'

The lady at this declaration,
Almost fainted away with pain ;
But what was her sad consternation,
When a sweet little girl came again !

She sent her away to be nurs'd,
Without seeing her gruff papa ;
And when she was old enough,
To a school she was packed away.

Fifteen summers are fled,
Now she left good Mrs. Jervis ;
To see home she was forbid,—
She determined to go and seek service.

Her dresses so grand and so gay,
She carefully rolled in a knob ;
Which she hid in a forest away,
And put on a Catskin robe.

She knock'd at a castle gate,
And pray'd for charity ;
They sent her some meat on a plate,
And kept her a scullion to be.

My lady look'd long in her face,
And prais'd her great beauty ;
I'm sorry I've no better place,
And you must our scullion be.

So Catskin was under the cook,
A very sad life she led,
For often a ladle she took,
And broke poor Catskin's head.

There is now a grand ball to be,
When ladies their beauties show ;
'Mrs. Cook,' said Catskin, 'dear me !
How much I should like to go.'

'You go with your Catskin-robe,
You dirty impudent slut !
Among the fine ladies and lords,
A very fine figure you 'd cut !'

A basin of water she took,
And dash'd in poor Catskin's face :
But briskly her ears she shook,
And went to her hiding place.

She washed every stain from her skin,
In some crystal waterfall ;
Then put on a beautiful dress,
And hasted away to the ball.

When she entered, the ladies were mute,
Overcome by her figure and face ;
But the lord, her young master, at once
Fell in love with her beauty and grace !

He pray'd her his partner to be,
She said, 'Yes,' with a sweet smiling glance ;
All night with no other lady
But Catskin, our young lord would dance.

‘Pray tell me, fair maid, where you live,
 For now was the sad parting time;
 But she no other answer would give,
 Than this distich of mystical rhyme—
 ‘**B**ind sit, if the truth ■ must tell,
 At the sign of the **B**asin of **W**ater ■ dwell.’
 Then she flew from the ball-room, and put
 On her Catskin robe again;
 And slipt in unseen by the cook,
 Who little thought where she had been.

The young lord the very next day,
 To his mother his passion betray’d,
 And declared he never would rest,
 Till he ’d found out his beautiful maid !

There ’s another grand ball to be,
 Where ladies their beauty show;
 ‘Mrs. Cook,’ said Catskin, ‘dear me,
 How much I should like to go.’

‘You go with your Catskin robe,
 You dirty, impudent slut !
 Among the fine ladies and lords,
 A very fine figure you’d cut !’

In a rage the ladle she took,
 And broke poor Catskin’s head;
 But off she went shaking her ears,
 And swift to her forest she fled.

She washed every blood stain off,
 In some crystal waterfall;
 Put on a more beautiful dress,
 And hasted away to the ball.
 My lord at the ball-room door,
 Was waiting with pleasure and pain;
 He longed to see nothing so much,
 As the beautiful Catskin again.
 When he asked her to dance, she again
 Said 'Yes,' with her first smiling glance;
 And again all the night my young lord,
 With none but fair Catskin did dance!
 'Pray tell me,' said he, 'where you live;'
 For now 't was the parting time;
 But she no other answer would give,
 Than this distich of mystical rhyme,—
 'Kind sir, if the truth I must tell,
 At the sign of the Broken Ladle I dwell.'
 Then she flew from the ball, and put on
 Her Catskin robe again;
 And slipt in unseen by the cook,
 Who little thought where she had been.
 My lord did again the next day,
 Declare to his mother his mind,
 That he never more happy should be,
 Unless he his charmer should find.

Now another grand ball is to be,
When ladies their beauty show;
'Mrs. Cook,' said Catskin, 'dear me,
How much I should like to go.'

'You go with your Catskin robe,
You impudent, dirty slut!
Among the fine ladies and lords,
A very fine figure you 'd cut!

In a fury she took the skimmer,
And broke poor Catskin's head!
But heart-whole and lively as ever,
Away to her forest she fled!

She washed the stains of blood,
In some crystal waterfall;
Then put on her most beautiful dress,
And hasted away to the ball.

My lord at the ball-room door,
Was waiting with pleasure and pain;
He longed to see nothing so much,
As the beautiful Catskin again.

When he asked her to dance, she again,
Said 'Yes,' with her first smiling glance;
And all the night long, my young lord
With none but fair Catskin would dance!

‘Pray tell me, fair maid, where you live;’

For now was the parting time;

But she no other answer would give,

Than this distich of mystical rhyme,—

‘Kind sir, if the truth I must tell,

At the sign of the Broken Skimmer I dwell.’

Then she flew from the ball, and threw on

Her catskin-cloak again;

And slipt in unseen by the cook,

Who little thought where she had been.

But not by my lord unseen,

For this time he follow’d too fast;

And hid in the forest green,

Saw the strange things that past!

Next day he took to his bed,

And sent for the doctor to come;

And begg’d him no other than Catskin,

Might come into his room!

He told him how dearly he lov’d her,

Not to have her his heart would break;

Then the doctor kindly promis’d,

To the proud old lady to speak.

There’s a struggle of pride and love,

For she fear’d her son would die;

But pride at the last did yield,

And love had the mastery!

Then my lord got quickly well,
When he was his charmer to wed ;
And Catskin before a twelvemonth,
Of a young lord was brought to bed.

To a way-faring woman and child,
Lady Catskin one day sent an alms ;
The nurse did the errand, and carried
The sweet little lord in her arms.

The child gave the alms to the child,
This was seen by the old lady mother ;
' Only see,' said that wicked old woman,
' How the beggars' brats take to each other !'

This throw went to Catskin's heart,
She flung herself down on her knees,
And pray'd her young master and lord,
To seek out her parents would please.

They set out in my lord's own coach,
And travell'd ; but nought befel,
Till they reach'd the town hard by,
Where Catskin's father did dwell.

They put up at the head inn,
Where Catskin was left alone ;
But my lord went to try if her father,
His natural child would own.

When folks are away, in short time
 What great alterations appear !
 For the cold touch of death had all chill'd
 The hearts of her sisters dear.

Her father repented too late,
 And the loss of his youngest bemoan'd ;
 In his old and childless state,
 He his pride and cruelty own'd !

The old gentleman sat by the fire,
 And hardly looked up at my lord ;
 He had no hopes of comfort,
 A stranger could afford.

But my lord drew a chair close by,
 And said, in a feeling tone,
 ' Have you not, sir, a daughter, I pray,
 You never would see or own ? '

The old man alarm'd, cried aloud,
 ' A hardened sinner am I !
 I would give all my worldly goods,
 To see her before I die ! '

' Then my lord brought his wife and child,
 To their home and parent's face ;
 Who fell down and thanks return'd
 To God, for his mercy and grace !

The bells ringing up in the tower,
 Are sending a sound to the heart ;
 There's a charm in the old church bells,
 Which nothing in life can impart !

CV.

LITTLE Robin Red-breast
 Sat upon a rail ;
 Niddle naddle went his head,
 Wiggle waggle went his tail.

CVI.

HINX, minx ! the old witch winks,
 The fat begins to fry ;
 There's nobody at home but jumping Joan,
 Father, mother, and I !

CVII.

[The tale of Simple Simon forms one of the chap-books, but the following verses are those generally sung in the nursery.]

SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman,
 Going to the fair ;
 Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 ' Let me taste your ware.'

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
‘ Show me first your penny.’
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
‘ Indeed I have not any.’

Simple Simon went to town,
To buy a piece of meat ;
He tied it to his horse’s tail,
To keep it clean and sweet.

Simple Simon went a fishing,
For to catch a whale ;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother’s pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle ;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

CVIII.

THERE was an old woman in Norwich,
Who lived upon nothing but porridge !
Parading the town,
She turned cloak into gown ;
THIS thrifty old woman of Norwich.

CIX.

BARNABY BRIGHT he was a sharp cur,
He always would bark if a mouse did but stir ;
But now he 's grown old, and can no longer bark,
He 's condemn'd by the parson to be hang'd by the
clerk.

CX.

THERE was an old woman of Leeds,
Who spent all her time in good deeds ;
She worked for the poor,
Till her fingers were sore,
This pious old woman of Leeds !

CXI.

OLD mother Hubbard,
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone ; .
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
 To buy him some bread,
 But when she came back
 The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
 To buy him a coffin,
 But when she came back
 The poor dog was laughing.*

She took a clean dish
 To get him some tripe,
 But when she came back
 He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the ale-house
 To get him some beer,
 But when she came back
 The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
 For white wine and red,
 But when she came back
 The dog stood on his head.

* Probably *loffing* or *loffin'*, to complete the rhyme. So in Shakespeare's 'Mids. Night's Dream,' Act ii. Sc. 1:—

'And then the whole quire hold their hips, and *loffe*.'

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
 To buy him some hose,
 But when she came back
 He was dress'd in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsey,
 The dog made a bow ;
 The dame said, your servant,
 The dog said, bow, wow.

CXII.

Old mother Widdle Waddle jumpt out of bed,
 And out of the casement she popt out her head ;
 Crying the house is on fire, the grey goose is dead,
 And the fox he is come to the town, oh !

CXIII.

TOM* he was a piper's son,
 He learn'd to play when he was young,
 And all the tunes that he could play,
 Was ' Over the hills and far away ;'
 Over the hills, and a great way off,
 And the wind will blow my top-knot off.

* Mr. Ker (p. 249) reads ' Jockey.' This writer only gives the first six lines.

Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleas'd both the girls and boys,
And they stopp'd to hear him play,
'Over the hills and far away.'

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever they heard they began for to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;
So Doll and the cow danced 'the Cheshire round,'
Till the pail was broke and the milk ran on the ground.

He met old dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass!
He took out his pipe and played them a tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened full soon.

CXIV.

THERE was a lady all skin and bone,
Sure such a lady was never known :
This lady went to church one day,
She went to church all for to pray.

And when she came to the church stile,
She sat her down to rest a little while ;
When she came to the churchyard,
There the bells so loud she heard.

When she came to the church door,
She stopt to rest a little more ;
When she came the church within,
The parson pray'd 'gainst pride and sin.

On looking up, on looking down,
She saw a dead man on the ground ;
And from his nose unto his chin,
The worms crawl'd out, the worms crawl'd in.*

* This line has been adopted in the modern ballad of 'Alonzo and the fair Imogene.' The version given above was obtained from Lincolnshire, and differs slightly from the one in 'Gammer Gurton's Garland,' 8vo. Lond. 1810, p. 29-30.

Then she unto the parson said,
 Shall I be so when I am dead ?
 O yes ! O yes ! the parson said,
 You will be so when you are dead.

CXV.

LITTLE John Jiggy Jag,
 He rode a penny nag,
 And went to Wigan to woo ;
 When he came to a beck,
 He fell and broke his neck,—
 Johnny, how dost thou now ?

I made him a hat,
 Of my coat-lap,
 And stockings of pearly blue ;
 A hat and a feather,
 To keep out cold weather ;
 So, Johnny, how dost thou now ?

CXVI.

SATURDAY night my wife did die,
I buried her on the Sunday,
I courted another a coming from church,
And married her on the Monday.
On Tuesday night I stole a horse,
On Wednesday was apprehended,
On Thursday I was tried and cast,
And on Friday I was hanged.

CXVII.

LITTLE Tom Trigger,
Before he was bigger,
Thought he would go out with his gun ;
Left off bow and arrows,
With which he shot sparrows,
And said he would have some fun.

He shot at a pig,
That was not very big,
But pig away did run ;
Says he, to be sure,
I am not very poor,
I 'll put some more shot in my gun.

He shot at a cat,
That had caught a rat,
 And hit her right on the pate ;
I'll have your furry skin
To put my powder in,
 Your venison, no matter for that.

He started a hare,
The people did stare,
 Says he, I'll have you for my dinner ;
It being almost dark,
He missed his mark,
 For he was a young beginner.

He came to a stile,
A man all the while
 A pitchfork had in his hand ;
Says he, give me the gun,
But he began to run,
 All over the ploughed land.

Unhappy was his lot,
Into a hedge he got,
 The man came behind to beat him ;
Tom cannot get through,
He had the man in view,
 But he contrived to cheat him.

A house was in the vale,
And Margery sold ale,
Says he, I'll have some beer ;
Soon it will be night,
And not a bit of light,
My roundabout way home to cheer.

A sow in the sty,
As Tommy came by,
Was calling her pigs to repose ;
Says Tom, I love fun,
And at the pigs did run,
But fell down and hurt his nose.

Margery came out,
To see what it was about,
And she said, Master Tommy, O fye !
He took up his gun,
And he began to run,
From the pigs that were in the sty.

Tom at last got home,
He would no longer roam,
And his mother began to scold ;
Now he plays at taw,
Sometimes at see-saw,
And is not quite so bold.

Tom and his dog Tray,
In the month of May,
 Went to play with a ball,
Which he threw up to the sky,
Yet not so very high,
 It soon came down with a fall.

He had a little stick,
It was not very thick,
 He hit the ball to make it go faster ;
His little dog Tray,
Soon scampered away,
 To bring the ball back to his master.

He got up a tree,
As high as may be,
 Some eggs from a nest to obtain ;
A bough bent in two,
(You see it in the view,)
 And he fell to the ground in great pain.

A doctor they did call
To cure him of the fall,
 A long while he kept his bed ;
At last he got well
Of all that him befel,
 So this time he shall not be dead.

Tom has now got better,
 Writes a pretty letter,
 And is always reading his book ;
 He is not quite so wild,
 As when he was a little child
 And no pains with his learning he took.



CXVIII.

THERE was a frog lived in a well,
 Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
 There was a frog liv'd in a well,
 Kitty alone, and I.
 There was a frog liv'd in a well,
 And a farce* mouse in a mill,
 Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
 Kitty alone and I.

This frog he would a wooing ride,
 Kitty alone, &c.
 This frog he would a wooing ride,
 And on a snail he got astride.
 Cock me cary, &c.

* Merry.

He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse hall,
Kitty alone, &c.

He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse hall,
And there he did both knock and call,
Cock me cary, &c.

Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,
Kitty alone, &c.

Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,
To see if thou canst fancy me,
Cock me cary, &c.

Quoth she, answer I'll give you none,
Kitty alone, &c.

Quoth she, answer I'll give you none,
Until my uncle Rat come home,
Cock me cary, &c.

And when her uncle Rat came home,
Kitty alone, &c.

And when her uncle Rat came home,
Who's been here since I've been gone?
Cock me cary, &c.

Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,
Kitty alone, &c.

Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,
That's been here since you've been gone,
Cock me cary, &c.

The frog he came whistling through the brook,
 Kitty alone, &c.

The frog he came whistling through the brook,
 And there he met with a dainty duck.

Cock me cary, &c.

This duck she swallow'd him up with a pluck,
 Kitty alone, Kitty alone,

This duck she swallow'd him up with a pluck,
 So there 's an end of my history book,

Cock me cary, &c.

CXIX.

LITTLE Tom Tucker
 Sings for his supper ;
 What shall he eat ?
 White bread and butter.
 How shall he cut it
 Without e'er a knife ?
 How will he be married
 Without e'er a wife ?

CXX.

THERE was an old woman toss'd up in a blanket,
 Ninety-nine times as high as the moon :
 But where she was going no mortal could tell,
 For under her arm she carried a broom.

Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
 Whither, ah ! whither, whither so high ?
 O ! I 'm sweeping the cobwebs off the sky,
 And I 'll be with you by and by.

CXXI.

[Another version, from ' Infant Institutes,' 8vo. Lond. 1797, p. 15.]

I saw an old woman toss'd up in a basket,
 Nineteen times as high as the moon ;
 Where she was going I could n't but ask it.
 For in her hand she carried a broom.

Old woman, old woman, old woman, quoth I,
 O whither, O whither, O whither so high ?
 To brush the cobwebs off the sky !
 Shall I go with thee ? Aye, by and by.

CXXII.

THERE was an old woman
 Lived under a hill ;
 And if she 's not gone,
 She lives there still.

CXXIII.

THERE was an old woman,
And she sold puddings and pies :
She went to the mill,
And the dust flew in her eyes ;
Hot pies and cold pies to sell !
Wherever she goes,
You may follow her by the smell.

CXXIV.

OLD Mother Niddity Nod swore by the pudding-bag,
She would go to Stoken Church fair ;
And then old Father Peter, said he would meet her,
Before she got half way there.

CXXV.

GILES COLLINS he said to his old mother,
Mother, come bind up my head ;
And send to the parson of our parish,
For to-morrow I shall be dead, dead,
For to-morrow I shall be dead.

His mother she made him some water-gruel,
And stirred it round with a spoon ;
Giles Collins he ate up his water-gruel,
And died before 't was noon,
And died before 't was noon.

Lady Anna was sitting at her window,
Mending her night-robe and coif ;
She saw the very prettiest corpse,
She 'd seen in all her life, life,
She 'd seen in all her life.

What bear ye there, ye six strong men,
Upon your shoulders so high ?
We bear the body of Giles Collins,
Who for love of you did die, die,
Who for love of you did die.

Set him down! set him down! Lady Anna, she cry'd,
On the grass that grows so green ;
To-morrow before the clock strikes ten,
My body shall lie by his'n, his'n,
My body shall lie by his'n.

Lady Anna was buried in the east,
Giles Collins was buried in the west ;
There grew a lily from Giles Collins,
That touch'd Lady Anna's breast, breast,
That touched Lady Anna's breast.

There blew a cold north-easterly wind,
And cut this lily in twain ;
Which never there was seen before,
And it never will again, again,
And it never will again.

CXXVI.

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them :
Leave them alone, and they 'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating :
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they still were all fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determin'd for to find them ;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they 'd left all their tails behind 'em.

It happen'd one day, as Bo-peep did stray,
Under a meadow hard by ;
There she espy'd their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heav'd a sigh, and wip'd her eye,
 And over the hillocks went stump-o;
 And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
 To tack again each to its rump-o.

 CXXVII.

JOHN COOK had a little grey mare; he, haw, hum!
 Her back stood up, and her bones they were bare;
 he, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shuter's bank; he, haw,
 hum.
 And there his nag did kick and prank; he, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shuter's hill; he, haw, hum.
 His mare fell down, and she made her will; he, haw,
 hum.

The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf; he,
 haw, hum:
 If you want any more you may sing it yourself; he,
 haw, hum.

CXXVIII.

THERE was a mad man and he had a mad wife,
And they lived in a mad town ;
And they had children three at a birth,
And mad they were every one.

The father was mad, the mother was mad,
And the children mad beside ;
And they all got on a mad horse,
And madly they did ride.

They rode by night and they rode by day,
Yet never a one of them fell ;
They rode so madly all the way,
Till they came to the gates of hell.

Old Nick was glad to see them so mad,
And gladly let them in :
But he soon grew sorry to see them so merry,
And let them out again.

CXXIX.

THERE was an old man, and he lived in a wood ;
 And his lazy son Jack would snooze till noon :
 Nor followed his trade, although it was good,
 With a bill and stump for making of brooms, green
 brooms ;
 With a bill and a stump for making of brooms.

ONE morn in a passion, and sore with vexation,
 He swore he would fire the room,
 If he did not get up and go to his work,
 And fall to the cutting of brooms, green brooms, &c.

THEN Jack arose and slipt on his clothes,
 And away to the woods very soon,
 Where he made up his pack, and put it on his back,
 Crying, Maids, do you want any brooms? green
 brooms, &c.

CXXX.

JACK SPRAT
 Had a cat,
 It had but one ear ;
 It went to buy butter,
 When butter was dear.

THIRD CLASS—JINGLES.

CXXXI.

HUB ■ dub dub,
 Three men in a tub ;
 And how do you think they got there ?
 The butcher, the baker,
 The candlestick-maker,
 They all jump'd out of ■ rotten potato—
 'Twas enough to make a man stare !

CXXXII.

HANDY SPANDY, Jack-a-dandy,
 Loved plum cake and sugar-candy ?
 He bought some at a grocer's shop,
 And out he came, hop, hop, hop.

CXXXIII.

DING, dong, bell,
Pussy 's in the well !
Who put her in,
Little Tommy Lin :
Who pulled her out,
Dog with long snout ;
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussý cat,
Who never did any harm,
But kill'd the mice in his father's barn.

CXXXIV.

DINGTY diddledy,
My mammy's maid,
She stole oranges,
I am afraid ;
Some in her pocket,
Some in her sleeve,
She stole oranges,
I do believe.

CXXXV.

Cock ■ doodle doo,
My dame has lost her shoe ;
My master 's lost his fiddling stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock ■ doodle doo,
What is my dame to do ?
Till master finds his fiddling stick,
She 'll dance without her shoe.

Cock a doodle doo,
My dame has lost her shoe,
And master 's found his fiddling stick,
Sing doodle doodle doo.

Cock a doodle doo,
My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling stick,
For dame and doodle do.

CXXXVI.

HEY ding ■ ding, what shall I sing ?
How many holes in ■ skimmer ?
Four and twenty,—my stomach is empty ;
Pray mamma, give me ~~some~~ dinner.

CXXXVII.

DEEDLE, deedle, dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on ;
One shoe off, the other shoe on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

CXXXVIII.

FEE-DUM, fiddledum fee,
The cat 's got into the tree.
Pussy, come down,
Or I 'll crack your crown,
And toss you into the sea.

CXXXIX.

YANKEE DOODLE came to town,
Upon a Kentish poney ;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him Macaroni.

CXL.

COME dance a jig
 To my Granny's pig,
 With a raudy, rowdy, dowdy ;
 Come dance a jig,
 To my Granny's pig,
 And Pussy cat shall crowdy [i. e. fiddle.]

CXLI.

[From Devonshire.]

DRIDDLETY drum, driddlety drum,
 There you see the beggars are come ;
 Some are here and some are there,
 And some are gone to Chidlely fair..

CXLII.

[The following may probably be a game.]

INTERY, mintery, cutery-corn,
 Apple seed and apple thorn ;
 Wine, brier, limber-lock,,
 Five geese in a flock,
 Sit and sing by a spring,,
 O-U-T, and in again.

CXLIII.

A CAT came fiddling out of a barn,
 With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm ;
 She could sing nothing but fiddle cum fee,
 The mouse has married the humble bee ;
 Pipe, cat—dance, mouse,
 We'll have a wedding at our good house.

CXLIV.

HEY, dorolot, dorolot !
 Hey, dorolay, dorolay !
 Hey, my bonny boat, bonny boat,
 Hey, drag away, drag away !

CXLV.

SEEK a thing, give a thing,
 The old man's gold ring ;
 Lie butt, lie ben,
 Lie among the dead men.

CXLVI.

[The following is alluded to in ' King Cambyses,' a tragedy of the
sixteenth century.]

HEY ! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon ;
The little dog laugh'd
To see such craft,
While the dish run after the spoon.

CXLVII.

CRIPPLE Dick upon a stick,
And Sancy on a sow,
Riding away to Galloway,
To buy a pound o' woo.

CXLVIII.

FIDDLE-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee,
The fly shall marry the humble bee.
They went to the church, and married was she,
The fly has married the humble bee.

CXLIX.

[*Maggot-pie* is the original name of the chattering and ominous bird. See Macbeth, Act iii. sc. 4, where the same word is used.]

ROUND about, round about,
 Maggoty pie,
 My father loves good ale,
 And so do I.

CL.

DOODLEDY, doodledy, doodledy, dan,
 I'll have a piper to be my good man ;
 And if I get less meat, I shall get game,
 Doodledy, doodledy, doodledy, dan.

CLI.

WE'RE all in the dumps,
 For diamonds are trumps ;
 The kittens are gone to St. Paul's !
 The babies are bit,
 The moon 's in a fit,
 And the houses are built without walls.

CLII.

[From Shropshire.]

ONE, two, three,
 I love coffee,
 And Billy loves tea.
 How good you be,
 One, two, three,
 I love coffee,
 And Billy loves tea.

CLIII.

DICK and Tom, Will and John,
 Brought me from Nottingham.

CLIV.

[This is a *game* as well as a *jingle*.]

ONE-ERY, two-ery,
 Ziccary zan ;
 Hollow hone, crack a bone,
 Ninery ten ;
 Spittery spot,
 It must be done ;
 Twiddleum twaddleum,
 Twenty-one.

Hink spink, the puddings stink,
 The fat begins to fry,
 Nobody at home, but jumping Joan,
 Father, mother, and I.
 Stick, stock, stone dead,
 Blind man can't see,
 Every knave will have a slave,
 You or I must be he.

CLV.

HARK, hark,
 The dogs do bark,
 Beggars are coming to town ;
 Some in jags,
 Some in rags,
 And some in velvet gowns.

CLVI.

TOMMY TIBULE, Harry Wibule,
 Tommy Tissile, Harry Whistle,
 Little wee, wee, wee.

CLVII.

[A Scottish ditty, sung on whirling round a piece of lighted paper to a child.]

DINGLE, dingle, doosey,
 The cat 's in the well ;
 The dog 's away to Bellingen,
 To buy the bairn a bell.

CLVIII.

SING, sing, what shall I sing ?
 The cat has eat the pudding string !
 Do, do, what shall I do ?
 The cat has bit it quite in two !

CLIX.

[Water-skimming.]

A DUCK and a drake,
 A nice barley-cake,
 With a penny to pay the old baker ;
 A hop and a scotch,
 Is another notch,
 Slitherum, slatherum, take her.

CLX.

GILLY Silly Jarter,
Who has lost a garter ?
In a shower of rain,
The miller found it,
The miller ground it,
And the miller gave it to Silly again.

CLXI.

SEE, saw, Margery Daw,
Little Jackey shall have a new master ;
Little Jackey shall have but a penny ■ day,
Because he can 't work any faster.

CLXII.

SEE, Saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed and lay upon straw ;
Was not she a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and lie in the dirt ?

CLXIII.

[See Jamieson's 'Glossary,' voc. zickety, and Blackwood's
 'Edinburgh Magazine,' Aug. 1821, p. 36.]

ZICKETY, dickety, dock,
 The mouse ran up the nock ;
 The nock struck one,
 Down the mouse run,
 Zickety, dickety, dock.

CLXIV.

DING, dong, darrow,
 The cat and the sparrow ;
 The little dog has burnt his tail,
 And he shall be hang'd to-morrow.

CLXV.

PUSSICAT, wussicat, with a white foot,
 When is your wedding, for I 'll come to 't.
 The beer 's to brew, the bread 's to bake,
 Pussy cat, pussy cat, don 't be too late.

CLXVI.

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, dancing a jig ;
Ride to the market to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

CLXVII.

LEG over leg,
As the dog went to Dover ;
When he came to a stile,
Jump he went over.

FOURTH CLASS—RIDDLES.

 CLXVIII.

[A HEDGEHOG.]

As I went over Lincoln bridge,
 I met mister Rusticap;
 Pins and needles on his back,
 A going to Thorney fair.

 CLXIX.

[A BED.]

FORMED long ago, yet made to-day,
 Employed while others sleep;
 What few would like to give away,
 Nor any wish to keep.

 CLXX.

[A CINDER-SIFTER.]

A RIDDLE, a riddle, as I suppose,
 A hundred eyes, and never a nose.

CLXXI.

OLD father Greybeard,
 Without tooth or tongue ;
 If you 'll give me your finger,
 I 'll give you my thumb.

CLXXII.

[A WELL.]

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
 And all the king's horses can 't pull it up.

CLXXIII.

[AN EGG.]

HUMPTY dumpty sate on a wall,
 Humpty dumpty had a great fall ;
 Three score men and three score more,
 Cannot place Humpty dumpty as he was before.*

CLXXIV.

GOOSEY goosey gander
 Where shali I wander ?
 Up stairs, down stairs,
 And in my lady's chamber ;

Sometimes the last two lines run as follows :—

' All the king's horses and all the king's men,
 Could not set Humpty Dumpty up again.'

There I met an old man,
 That would not say his prayers ;
 I took him by the left leg,
 And threw him down stairs.

CLXXV.

[A RAINBOW.]

[The allusion to Oliver Cromwell satisfactorily fixes the date of this riddle to belong to the seventeenth century.]

PURPLE, yellow, red and green,
 The king cannot reach it nor the queen ;
 Nor can old Noll, whose power 's so great :
 Tell me this riddle while I count eight.

CLXXVI.

[A CANDLE.]

LITTLE Nancy Etticoat,
 In a white petticoat,
 And a red nose ;
 The longer she stands,
 The shorter she grows.

CLXXVII.

[PAIR OF TONGS.]

LONG legs, crooked thighs,
 Little head and no eyes.

CLXXVIII.

[A HORSE-SHOER.]

WHAT shoe-maker makes shoes without leather,
 With all the four elements put together ?
 Fire and water, earth and air,
 Ev'ry customer has two pair.

CLXXIX.

[ONE LEG IS A LEG OF MUTTON ; TWO LEGS, A MAN ;
 THREE LEGS, A STOOL ; FOUR LEGS, A DOG.]

Two legs sat upon three legs,
 With one leg in his lap ;
 In comes four legs,
 And runs away with one leg.
 Up jumps two legs,
 Catches up three legs,
 Throws it after four legs,
 And makes him bring back one leg.

CLXXX.

As I was going to sell my eggs,
 I met a man with bandy legs,
 Bandy legs and crooked toes,
 I tripped up his heels and he fell on his nose.

CLXXXI.

PEASE-porridge hot, pease-porridge cold,
 Pease-porridge in the pot, nine days old.
 Spell me *that* in four letters.

CLXXXII.

[From MS. Sloane, 1489, fol. 16, written about the year 1600.]

THERE were three sisters in a hall,
 There came a knight amongst them all ;
 Good morrow, aunt, to the one,
 Good morrow, aunt, to the other,
 Good morrow, gentwoman, to the third,
 If you were my aunt,
 As the other two be,
 I would say good morrow,
 Then, aunts all three.

CLXXXIII.

[A CHERRY.]

As I went through the garden gap,
 Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap !
 A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat,—
 If you 'll tell me this riddle, I 'll give you a groat.

CLXXXIV.

[TEETH AND GUMS.]

THIRTY white horses on a red hill,
 Now they tramp, now they champ, now they stand still.

CLXXXV.

[From MS. Sloane, 1498, written about the year 1600.]

CONGEAL'D water and Cain's brother,
 That was my lover's name, and no other.

CLXXXVI.

ELIZABETH, Elspeth, Betsy and Bess,
 They all went together to seek a bird's nest.
 They found a bird's nest with five eggs in,
 They all took one, and left four in.

CLXXXVII.

As I was going to St. Ives,
 I met a man with seven wives,
 Every wife had seven sacks,
 Every sack had seven cats,
 Every cat had seven kits ;
 Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
 How many were there going to St. Ives ?

CLXXXVIII.

SEE, see ! what shall I see ?
A horse's head where his tail should be.

CLXXXIX.

I HAD a little castle upon the sea-side,
One half was water, the other was land ;
I open'd my little castle door, and guess what I found ;
I found a fair lady with a cup in her hand.
The cup was gold, filled with wine ;
Drink, fair lady, and thou shalt be mine.

CXC.

WHEN I went up sandy hill,
I met a sandy boy ;
I cut his throat, I sucked his blood,
And left his skin a hanging-o.

CXCI.

[THE HOLLY TREE.]

HIGHTY, tighty, paradighty clothed in green,
The king could not read it, no more could the queen ;
They sent for a wise man out of the East,
Who said it had horns, but was not a beast !

CXCII.

I HAD a little sister, they call'd her peep, peep,
She waded the waters deep, deep, deep,
She climbed up the mountains high, high, high,
Poor little creature she wanted an eye.

CXCIII.

TWELVE pears hanging high,
Twelve knights riding by ;
Each knight took a pear,
And yet left eleven there !

CXCIV.

[A NEEDLE AND THREAD.]

MRS. TWITCHETT with one eye,
A wondrous length of train lets fly ;
And as she glides through every gap,
She leaves a bit of her tail in the trap.

CXCIV.

KING Charles walked and talked
Half an hour after his head was cut off !

FIFTH CLASS—PROVERES.

 CXCIV.

A SEMPSTRESS that sews,
 And would make her work redde (i. e. scarce,)
 Must use a long needle,
 And a short thread.

 CXCVII.

[The following old saw is generally believed to refer to the Teu-
 tonic method of numbering. See Brand's ' Popular Antiquities,' edi-
 ted by Sir H. Ellis, vol. ii. p. 324.]

FIVE score of men, money, and pins,
 SIX score of all other things.

 CXCVIII.

SEE a pin and pick it up,
 All the day you 'll have good luck ;
 See a pin and let it lay,
 Bad luck you 'll have all the day !

CXCIX.

A SWARM of bees in May
 Is worth a load of hay ;
 A swarm of bees in June
 Is worth a silver spoon ;
 A swarm of bees in July
 Is not worth a fly.

CC.

ST. SWITHIN'S day, if thou dost rain,
 For forty days it will remain ;
 St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair,
 For forty days 't will rain na mair.

CCI.

TO make your candles last for aye,
 Your wives and maids give ear-o !
 To put 'em out 's the only way,
 Says honest John Boldero.

CCII.

BOUNCE BUCKRAM velvet 's dear ;
 Christmas comes but once a year.

CCIII.

THE tailor of Bisiter,
 He has but one eye ;
 He cannot cut a pair of green galagaskins,
 If he were to try.

CCIV.

NEEDLES and pins, needles and pins,
 When a man marries his trouble begins.

CCV.

RIDDLE me, riddle me, riddle me ree !
 None are so blind as those that won't see.

CCVI.

[One version of the following song, which I believe to be the genuine one, is written on the last leaf of MS. Harl. 6580, in a hand of the end of the seventeenth century, but unfortunately it is scarcely adapted for the '■■■■ polite' of modern days.]

A MAN of words and not of deeds,
 Is like a garden full of weeds ;
 And when the weeds begin to grow,
 It's like a garden full of snow ;

And when the snow begins to fall,
It's like a bird upon the wall ;
And when the bird away does fly,
It's like an eagle in the sky ;
And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door ;
And when the door begins to crack,
It's like a stick across your back ;
And when your back begins to smart,
Its 's like a penknife in your heart ;
And when your heart begins to bleed,
You 're dead, and dead, and dead indeed.

CCVII.

THE little Robin Red-breast,
And Jenny Wren,
Are God Almighty's
Cock and hen.

SIXTH CLASS—LULLABIES.

 CCVIII.

HUSH a bye, baby, on the tree top,
 When the wind blows, the cradle will rock ;
 When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,
 Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.*

 CCIX.

BYE, baby bunting,
 Daddy's gone a hunting,
 To get a little hare's skin,
 To wrap a baby bunting in.

* Ritson, who gives the following version, says that the commencing words are a corruption of the French nurse's threat in the fable :
 'He bas, là le loup ! Hush there 's the wolf !'—

'Bee baw babby lou, on a tree top,
 When the wind blows the cradle will rock ;
 When the wind ceases the cradle will fall,
 Down comes baby and cradle and all.'

(Gammer Gurton's Garland, p. 13.)

CCX.

[Another version.]

BYE, baby bunting,
Father's gone a hunting,
To get a rabbit skin
To wrap baby bunting in.

CCXI.

HUSHY baby, my doll, I pray you don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread and some milk by and
bye ;
Or, perhaps you like custard, or may-be a tart,—
Then to either you 're welcome, with all my whole
heart.

CCXII.

DANTY baby diddy,
What can mammy do wid 'e,
But sit in a lap,
And give 'un a pap,
Sing danty baby diddy.

CCXIII.

EYE, O my baby,
When I was a lady,
O then my poor baby didn't cry ;
But my baby is weeping,
For want of good keeping,
O, I fear my poor baby will die.

CCXIV.

HUSH thee, my babby,
Lie still with thy daddy,
Thy mammy has gone to the mill
To grind thee some wheat,
To make thee some meat,
And so, my dear babby, lie still.

CCXV.

HUSH a bye a ba lamb,
Hush a bye a milk cow,
You shall have a little stick,
To beat the naughty bow-wow.

CCXVI.

CRY, baby, cry,
Put your finger in your eye,
And tell your mother it was I.

CCXVII.

HEY, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey, my kitten, my deary !
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far nor neary.

Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy ;
And here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

SEVENTH CLASS—CHARMS.

 CCXVIII.

[The three following charms are for the hiccup, and each one must be said thrice in one breath, to render the specific of service.]

WHEN a twister twisting would twist him a twist,
 For twisting a twist three twists he will twist;
 But if one of the twists untwists from the twist,
 The twist untwisting untwists the twist.

 CCXIX.

ROBERT ROWLEY rolled a round roll round,
 A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round;
 Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled
 round ?

CCXX.

PETER PIPER picked a peck of pickled pepper ;
 A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked ;
 If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
 Where's the peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper
 picked ?

CCXXI.

[*Ady*, in his 'Candle in the Dark,' 4to. Lond. 1655, p. 58, says that this is a charm used for making butter come from the churn. It was to be said thrice.]

COME, butter, come,
 Come, butter, come !
 Peter stands at the gate,
 Waiting for a butter'd cake ;
 Come, butter, come !

CCXXII.

I WENT to the toad that lies under the wall,
 I charmed him out, and he came at my call ;
 I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before,
 I tore the bat's wing, what would you have more ?

CCXXIII.

[A charm somewhat similar to the following may be seen in the 'Townley Mysteries,' p 91. See a paper in the 'Archæologia,' vol. xxvii. p. 253, by the Rev. Lancelot Sharpe, M. A.]

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John,
 Guard the bed that I lay on!
 Four corners to my bed,
 Four angels round my head!
 One to watch, one to pray,
 And two to bear my soul away!

CCXXIV.

[The present charm, which appears to be only another version of the one just given, is preserved by Aubrey, in MS. Lansd. 231, fol. 114. It may likewise be found in Ady's 'Candle in the Dark,' 4to. Lond. 1655, p. 58.]

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John,
 Bless the bed that I lie on!
 And blessed guardian-angel. keep
 Me safe from danger whilst I sleep!

CCXXV.

[The following charm was learnt by the late Sir Humphrey Davy
when a boy, as a cure for the cramp.]

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John, ease us, I beg !
The devil has tied up a knot in my leg.

Crosses three † † † we make to ease us ;
Two for the robbers, and one for Christ Jesus.

EIGHTH CLASS—GAMES.

 CCXXVI.

WE are three brethren out of Spain,
 Come to court your daughter Jane.
 My daughter Jane she is too young,
 And has not learn'd her mother-tongue.

Be she young, or be she old,
 For her beauty she must be sold.
 So fare you well, my lady gay,
 We 'll call again another day.

'Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight ;
 And rub thy spurs till they be bright.
 Of my spurs take you no thought,
 For in this town they were not bought.
 So fare ye well, my lady gay,
 We 'll call again another day.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
 And take the fairest in your sight.
 The fairest maid that I can see,
 Is pretty Nancy, come to me.

Here comes your daughter safe and sound,
Every pocket with a thousand pound ;
Every finger with a gay gold ring ;
Please to take your daughter in.

CCXXVII.

SIEVE my lady's oatmeal,
Grind my lady's flour,
Put it in a chesnut,
Let it stand an hour ;
One may rush, two may rush,
Come, my girls, walk under the bush.

CCXXVIII.

I won't be my father's Jack,
I won't be my mother's Gill,
I will be the fiddler's wife,
And have music when I will.
T' other little tune,
T' other little tune,
Pr'ythee, love, play me
T' other little tune.

CCXXIX.

BABY and I
 Were baked in a pie,
 The gravy was wonderful hot :
 We had nothing to pay
 To the baker that day,
 And so we crept out of the pot.

CCXXX.

THERE were two blackbirds,
 Sitting on a hill,
 The one nam'd Jack,
 The other nam'd Jill ;
 Fly away Jack !
 Fly away Jill !
 Come again Jack !
 Come again Jill !

CCXXXI.

TOM BROWN'S two little Indian boys,
 One ran away,
 The other wouldn't stay,—
 TOM BROWN'S two little Indian boys.

CCXXXII.

[The following is a song to a nursery dance.]

GAY go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town.
Bull's eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.
Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles.
Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.
Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.
Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells at St. Peter's.
Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells at Whitechapel.
Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.
You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells at St. Helen's.
Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells at St. John's.
Kettles and pans,
Say the bells at St. Ann's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells at Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray when will that be?
Say the bells at Stepney.

I am sure I don't know,
Says the great bell at Bow.

 CCXXXIII.

[One child holds a wand to the face of another, repeating these lines, and making grimaces, to cause the latter to laugh, and so to the others; those who laugh paying a forfeit.]

BUFF says Buff to all his men,
And I say Buff to you again;
Buff neither laughs nor smiles,
But carries his face
With a very good grace,
And passes the stick to the very next place!

 CCXXXIV.

DANCE, Thumbkin, dance,
(Keep the thumb in motion.)
Dance, ye merrymen, every one:
(All the fingers in motion.)
For Thumbkin, he can dance alone,
(The thumb only moving.)
Thumbkin, he can dance alone. *(Ditto.)*

Dance, Foreman, dance,

(*The first finger moving.*)

Dance, ye merrymen, every one ;

(*The whole moving.*)

But Foreman, he can dance alone,

Foreman, he can dance alone.

And so on with the others—naming the 2d finger *Middleman*—the 3d finger *Ringman*—and the 4th finger *Littleman*. Littleman *cannot* dance alone.

CCXXXV.

QUEEN Anne, queen Anne, you sit in the sun,

As fair as a lily, as white as a wand.

I send you three letters, and pray read one,

You must read one, if you can't read all,

So pray, Miss or Master, throw up the ball.

CCXXXVI.

[Another version.]

HERE we come a piping,

First in spring and then in May ;

The queen she sits upon the sand,

Fair as a lily, white as a wand ;

King John has sent you letters three,

And begs you'll read them unto me ;

We can't read one without them all,

So pray, Miss Bridget, deliver the ball !

CCXXXVII.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
 To see what Tommy can buy ;
 A penny white loaf, a penny white cake,
 And a twopenny apple-pie.

CCXXXVIII.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
 To buy little Johnny a galloping-horse :
 It trots behind, and it ambles before,
 And Johnny shall ride till he can ride no more.

CCXXXIX.

RIDE a cock-horse to Coventry-cross ;
 To see what Emma can buy ;
 A penny white cake I'll buy for her sake,
 And a twopenny tart or a pie.

CCXL.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
 To see an old lady upon a white horse,
 Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
 And so she makes music wherever she goes.

CCXLI.

To market ride the gentlemen,
 So do we, so do we ;
 Then comes the country clown,
 Hobbledy gee, Hobbledy gee !

CCXLII.

THIS is the key of the kingdom.
 In that kingdom there is a city.
 In that city there is a town.
 In that town there is a street.
 In that street there is a lane.
 In that lane there is a yard.
 In that yard there is a house.
 In that house there is a room.
 In that room there is a bed.
 On that bed there is a basket.
 In that basket there are some flowers.
 Flowers in the basket, basket in the bed, bed in
 the room, &c. &c.

CCXLIII.

Eggs, butter, cheese, bread,
 Stick, stock, stone, dead !
 Stick him up, stick him down,
 Stick him in the old man's crown !

CCXLIV.

Is John Smith within?
 Yes, that he is;
 Can he set a shoe?
 Ay, marry, two,
 Here a nail, there a nail,
 Tick, tack, too.

CCXLV.

[Song set to five toes.]

1. LET us go to the wood, says this pig;
 2. What to do there? says that pig;
 3. To look for my mother, says this pig;
 4. What to do with her? says that pig;
 5. Kiss her to death, says this pig.
-

CCXLVI.

[I believe the following is only a portion of a dialogue, but I have not been able to recover it.]

HERE comes a poor woman from baby-land,
 With three small children in her hand:
 One can brew, the other can bake,
 The other can make a pretty round cake.

CCXLVII.

[A string of children, hand in hand, stand in a row. A child (A) stands in front of them, as leader; two other children (B and C) form an arch, each holding both the hands of the other.]

- A. DRAW a pail of water,
 For my lady's daughter;
 My father's a king, and my mother's a queen,
 My two little sisters are dress'd in green,
 Stamping grass and parsley,
 Marigold leaves and daisies.
- B. One rush, two rush,
 Pray thee, fine lady, come under my bush.

[A passes under the arch, followed by the whole string of children, the last of whom is taken captive by B and C. The verses are repeated, until all are taken.]

CCXLVIII.

TWELVE huntsmen with horns and hounds,
 Hunting over other men's grounds;
 Eleven ships sailing o'er the main,
 Some bound for France and some for Spain;
 I wish them all safe home again;
 Ten comets in the sky,
 Some low and some high;
 Nine peacocks in the air,
 I wonder how they all came there.

I do not know and I do not care ;
 Eight joiners in joiner's hall,
 Working with the tools and all ;
 Seven lobsters in a dish,
 As fresh as any heart could wish ;
 Six beetles against the wall,
 Close by an old woman's apple-stall ;
 Five puppies by our bitch Ball,
 Who daily for their breakfast call ;
 Four horses stuck in a bog,
 Three monkeys tied to a clog ;
 Two pudding-ends would choke a dog,
 With a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

 CCXLIX.

GIRLS and boys, come out to play,
 The moon doth shine as bright as day ;
 Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
 And come with your play-fellows into the street.
 Come with a whoop, come with a call,
 Come with a good will or not at all.
 Up the ladder and down the wall,
 A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
 You find milk, and I 'll find flour,
 And we 'll have a pudding in half an hour.

CCL.

[A Scotch version of the above.]

LAZY dukes, that sit on their neuks,
 And winna come out to play ;
 Leave your supper, leave your sleep,
 Come out and play at hide-and-seeck.
 I've a cherry, I've a chess,
 I've a bonny blue glass ;
 I've a dog among the corn,
 Blow, Willie, Buckhorn.
 Three score of Highland kye,
 One booly-backed,
 One blind of an eye,
 An' a' the rest hawkit.
 Laddie wi' the shelly-coat
 Help me owre the ferry-boat ;
 The ferry-boat is owre dear,
 Ten pounds every year.
 The fiddler 's in the Canongate,
 The piper 's in the Abbey,
 Huzza ! cocks and hens,
 Flee awa' to your cavey.

CCLI.

THERE were three jovial Welshmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said, nay ;
The third said it was a house,
With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other he said, nay ;
The third said it was a cheese,
And half o't cut away.

CCLII.

[A song set to five fingers.]

1. THIS pig went to market ;
 2. This pig staid at home ;
 3. This pig had a bit of meat ;
 4. And this pig had none ;
 5. This pig said, Wee, wee, wee !
I can't find my way home.
-

CCLIII.

MY nose is green,
Your's is blue ;
Sister has got a red one,
What's that to you ?

CCLIV.

[A game at ball.]

CUCKOO, cherry tree,
Catch a bird, and give it to me ;
Let the tree be high or low,
Let it hail, rain, or snow.

CCLV.

I CAN make diet bread,
Thick and thin ;
I can make diet bread,
Fit for the king.

CCLVI.

[The following lines are sung by children when starting for a race.]

Good horses, bad horses,
What is the time of day ?
Three o'clock, four o'clock,
Now fare you away.

CCLVII.

[Another version.]

BELL horses, bell horses,
What time o' day ?
One o'clock, two o'clock,
Time to away.

CCLVIII.

[The following is the Oxfordshire version of the game of the Confessional, ■■ shown in shadows on the wall.]

FATHER, O father, I'm come to confess.
 Well, my daughter, well !
 Last night I call'd the cat a beast.
 Shocking, my daughter, shocking !
 What penance ? my father, what penance ?
 What penance ! my daughter, what penance !
 What penance shall I do ?
 Kiss me.

CCLIX.

[The Kentish version of the same game.]

Good morning, father Francis.
 Good morning, Mrs. Sheckleton. What has brought
 you abroad so early, Mrs. Sheckleton ?
 I have come to confess a great sin, father Francis.
 What 's it, Mrs. Sheckleton ?
 Your cat stole a pound of my butter, father Francis !
 O, no sin at all, Mrs. Sheckleton.
 But I kill'd your cat for it, father Francis.
 O, a very great sin indeed, Mrs. Sheckleton, you
 must do penance.
 What penance, father Francis ?

Kiss me three times,
 Oh! but I can't!
 Oh! but you must!
 Oh! but I can't, &c. *ad lib.*
 Well, what must be must,
 So kiss, kiss, kiss, and away.

 CCLX.

[Children hunting bats.]

BAT, bat, (*clap hands,*)
 Come under my hat,
 And I'll give you a slice of bacon;
 And when I bake,
 I'll give you a cake,
 If I am not mistaken.

 CCLXI.

[This is acted by two or more girls, who walk or dance up and down, turning, when they say, 'turn, cheeses, turn.' The 'green cheeses,' as I am informed, are made with sage and potato-tops. Two girls are said to be 'cheese and cheese.']

GREEN cheese, yellow laces,
 Up and down the market-places,
 Turn, cheeses, turn!

CCLXII.

[Two of the strongest children are selected, **a** and **b**. **a** stands within a ring of the children, **■** being outside.]

- A.** Who is going round my sheepfold ?
B. Only poor old Jacky Lingo.
A. Don't steal any of my black sheep.
B. No, no more I will, only by one,
 Up, says Jacky Lingo. (*Strikes one.*)

[The child struck leaves the ring, and takes hold of **b** behind ; **b** in the same manner takes the other children, one by one, gradually increasing his tail on each repetition of the verses, until he has got the whole. **a** then tries to get them back ; **b** runs away with them ; they try to shelter themselves behind **b** ; **a** drags them off, one by one, setting them against a wall, until he has recovered all. A regular tearing game, as children say.]

CCLXIII.

[Children stand round, and are counted one by one by means of this rhyme, which I have already given in a different form at p. 113. The child upon whom the last number falls is *out*, for ' Hide or Seek,' or any other game where a victim is required. A cock and bull story of this kind is related of the historian Josephus.]

HICKORY (1), Dickory (2), Dock (3),
 The mouse ran up the clock (4),
 The clock struck one (5),
 The mouse was gone (6) ;
 O (7), U (8), T (9), spells OUT !

CCLXIV.

[A number of boys and girls stand round one in the middle, who repeats the following lines, counting the children until one is counted out by the end of the verses.]

RING me (1), ring me (2), ring me rary (3),
 As I go round (4), ring by ring (5),
 A virgin (6) goes a maying (7),
 Here 's a flower (8), and there 's a flower (9),
 Growing in my lady's garden (10);
 If you set your foot awry (11),
 Gentle John will make you cry (12),
 If you set your foot amiss (13),
 Gentle John (14) will give you a kiss.

[The child upon whom (14) falls, is then taken out and forced to select one of the opposite sex. The middle child then proceeds.]

This [lady or gentleman] is none of ours,
 Has put [him or her] self in [the selected child's]
 power,
 So clap all hands, and ring all bells, and make the
 wedding o'er. [*All clap hands.*]

[If the child taken by lot joins in the clapping, the selected child is rejected, and, I think, takes the middle place. Otherwise, I think, there is a salute.]

CCLXV.

[Another version.]

As I go round ring by ring,
 A maiden goes a maying,
 And here 's a flower and there 's a flower,
 As red as any daisy.
 If you set your foot awry,
 Gentle John will make you cry ;
 If you set your foot amiss,
 Gentle John will give you a good kiss.

CCLXVI.

SEE-SAW, sacradown ;
 Which is the way to London town ?
 One foot up, and the other down,
 And that is the way to London town.

CCLXVII.

[Another version.]

SEE-SAW, Jack in a hedge,
 Which is the way to London bridge ?
 One foot up, the other foot down,
 That is the way to London town.

CCLXVIII.

HIGHTY cock O!
 To London we go,
 To York we ride ;
 And Edward has pussy-cat tied to his side ;
 He shall have little dog tied to the other,
 And then he goes trid trod to see his grandmother.

CCLXIX.

SEE-SAW, jack a daw,
 What is a craw to do wi' her ;
 She has not a stocking to put on her,
 And the craw has not one for to gi' her.

CCLXX.

ONE old Oxford ox opening oysters ;
 Two tee totums totally tired of trying to trot to Tad-
 berry ;
 Three tall tigers tipping ten-penny tea ;
 Four fat friars fanning fainting flies ;
 Five frippy Frenchmen foolishly fishing for flies ;
 Six sportsmen shooting snipes !
 Seven Severn salmons swallowing shrimps ;
 Eight Englishmen eagerly examining Europe ;
 Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nonpareils ;

Ten tinkers tinkling upon ten tin tinder-boxes with
 ten tenpenny tacks;
 Eleven elephants elegantly equipt;
 Twelve typographical topographers typically trans-
 lating types.

 CCLXXI.

[A stands with a row of girls (her daughters) behind her ; B,
 a suitor advances.]

- B. TRIP trap over the grass ; If you please will you
 let one of your [eldest] daughters come,
 Come and dance with me ?
 I will give you pots and pans, I will give you brass,
 I will give you anything for a pretty lass.
- A says 'No.'
- B. I will give you gold and silver, I will give you
 pearl,
 I will give you anything for a pretty girl.
- A. Take one, take one, the fairest you may see.
- B. The fairest one that I can see
 Is pretty Nancy, come to me.

[■ carries one off, and says:—]

You shall have a duck, my dear,
 And you shall have a drake,
 And you shall have a young man apprentice for
 your sake.

[Children say :—]

If this young man should happen to die,
 And leave this poor woman a widow,
 The bells shall all ring, and the birds shall all sing,
 And we'll all clap hands together.

[So it is repeated until the whole are taken.]

The verses of the Three Knights of Spain are played in nearly
 the same way.

CCLXXII.

THE first day of Christmas,
 My mother sent to me,
 A partridge in a pear-tree.
 The second day of Christmas,
 My mother sent to me,
 Two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear-tree.
 The third, &c.
 Three French hens, two turtle doves, and a par-
 tridge, &c.
 The fourth, &c.
 Four canary birds, three French hens, two turtles, &c.
 The fifth, &c.
 Five gold rings, &c.
 The sixth, &c.
 Six geese a laying, &c.

The seventh, &c.

Seven swans a swimming, &c.

The eighth, &c.

Eight ladies dancing, &c.

The ninth, &c.

Nine lords a leaping, &c.

The tenth, &c.

Ten ships a sailing, &c.

The eleventh, &c.

Eleven ladies spinning, &c.

The twelfth, &c.

Twelve bells ringing, &c.

[Each child in succession repeats the gifts of the day, and forfeits for each mistake. This accumulative process is a favorite with children ; in early writers, such as Homer, the repetition of messages, &c. pleases on the same principle.]

NINTH CLASS—PARADOXES.

 CCLXXIII.

O THAT I was where I would be,
 Then would I be where I am not ;
 But where I am I must be,
 And where I would be I cannot.

 CCLXXIV.

IF all the world was apple-pie,
 And all the sea was ink,
 And all the trees were bread and cheese,
 What should we have for drink ?

 CCLXXV.

THE man in the wilderness asked me,
 How many strawberries grew in the sea ?
 I answered him, as I thought good,
 As many as red herrings grew in the wood.

CCLXXVI.

HERE am I, little jumping Joan ;
 When nobody 's with me,
 I 'm always alone.

CCLXXVII.

[The conclusion of the following resembles a verse in the nursery history of Mother Hubbard.]

THERE was an old woman, and what do you think ?
 She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink.
 Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
 This plaguy old woman could never be quiet.

She went to the baker, to buy her some bread,
 And when she came home, her old husband was dead ;
 She went to the clerk to toll the bell,
 And when she came back her old husband was well.

CCLXXVIII.

THERE was an old woman had nothing,
 And there came thieves to rob her ;
 When she cried out she made no noise,
 But all the country heard her.

CCLXXIX.

[The following is quoted in Parkin's Reply to Dr. Stukeley's second number of 'Origines Roystonianæ,' 4to. Lond. 1748, p. 6.]

PETER WHITE will ne'er go right,
 And would you know the reason why?
 He follows his nose where'er he goes,
 And that stands all awry.

CCLXXX.

PILLYCOCK, Pillycock,* sate on a hill;
 If he's not gone, he sits there still.

* This word occurs in MS. Harl. 913, fol. 54, a MS. of the fourteenth century.

TENTH CLASS—LITERAL.

CCLXXXI.

A, B, C, tumble down D,
The cat 's in the cupboard and can 't see me.

CCLXXXII.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
I caught a hare alive ;
6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
I let her go again.

CCLXXXIII.

GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B,
The cat 's in the cupboard,
And she can 't see.

CCLXXXIV.

ONE, two,
 Buckle my shoe ;
 Three, four,
 Shut the door ;
 Five, six,
 Pick up sticks ;
 Seven, eight,
 Lay them straight ;
 Nine, ten,
 A good fat hen ;
 Eleven, twelve,
 Who will delve ?
 Thirteen, fourteen,
 Maids a courting ;
 Fifteen, sixteen,
 Maids a kissing ;
 Seventeen, eighteen,
 Maids a waiting ;
 Nineteen, twenty,
 My stomach 's empty.

CCLXXXV.

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man :
 So I will, master, as fast as I can :
 Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
 Put in the oven for Tommy and me.

CCLXXXVI.

[The following is taken from MS. Sloan. 2497, of the sixteenth century. Probably an Epigram on one of the family of the Noels, or Nowells.]

N. FOR a word of deniance,
 E. with a figure of L. fiftie.
 Spelleth his name that newer
 Will be thriftie.

CCLXXXVII.

Miss one two and three, could never agree,
 While they gossiped round a tea-caddy.

CCLXXXVIII.

ONE 's none ;
 Two 's some ;
 Three 's a many ;
 Four 's a penny ;
 Five is a little hundred.

ELEVENTH CLASS—SCHOLASTIC.

 CCLXXXIX.

A DILLER, a dollar,
 A ten o'clock scholar,
 What makes you come so soon?
 You used to come at ten o'clock,
 But now you come at noon.

 CCXC.

MISTRESS Mary, quite contrary,
 How does your garden grow?
 With cockle-shells, and silver bells,
 And muscles all a row.*

* This may have reference to the Scotch song—

‘ When *cockle-shells* turn *silver bells*,
 And *muscles* grow on every tree ;
 When frost and snaw shall warm us a’,
 Then shall my love prove true to me.’

CCXCI.

A DONKEY walks on four legs,
And I walk on two ;
The last donkey I saw,
Was very like you.

CCXCII.

LIAR, liar, lick spit,
Turn about the candlestick,
What 's good for liar ?
Brimstone and fire.

CCXCIII.

WHEN I was a little boy my mammy kept me in,
But now I am a great boy I 'm fit to serve the king ;
I can hand a musket, and I can smoke a pipe,
And I can kiss a pretty girl at twelve o'clock at night.

CCXCIV.

TELL tale, tit !
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in the town
Shall have a little bit.

CCXCV.

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad ;
The Rule of Three does puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad.

TWELFTH CLASS—CUSTOMS.*

CCXCVI.

[The following is sung at the Christmas mummings
in Somersetshire.]

HERE comes I,
Liddle man Jan,
Wi my zword
In my han !

If you don't all do,
As you be told by I,
I'll zend you all to York,
Vor to make apple-pie.

* This class might be extended to great length, but I shall content myself with giving a few, and referring to Sir H. Ellis's edition of Brand's Popular Antiquities for more.

CCXCVII.

DIBBITY, dibbity, dibbity, doe,
 Give me a pan-cake
 And I'll go.
 Dibbity, dibbity, dibbity, ditte,
 Please to give me
 A bit of a fritter.

CCXCVIII.

[It was probably the custom, **■** repeating these lines, to hold the snail to **■** candle, in order to make it quit the shell. In Normandy it was the practice at Christmas for boys to run round fruit trees, with lighted torches, singing these lines :—

Taupes et mulots,
 Sortez de vos clos,
 Sinon vous brulerai et la barbe et les os.]

SNAIL, snail, come out of your hole,
 Or else I'll burn you as black as **■** coal.

CCXCIX.

I SEE the moon, and the moon sees me,
 God bless the moon, and God bless me.

CCC.

[Aubrey, in his 'Remains of Gentilisme and Judaisme,' gives another version of this song, as current in the seventeenth century, very curious, but unfortunately too indelicate to be printed. See Notes.]

WHEN I was a little girl,
 I wash'd my mother's dishes ;
 I put my finger in my eye,
 And pull'd out little fishes.

CCCL.

HERRINGS, herrings, white and red,
 Ten a penny, Lent 's dead.
 Rise, dame, and give an egg,
 Or else a piece of bacon.

One for Peter, two for Paul,
 Three for Jack a Lent 's all,
 Away, Lent, away.

CCCL.

[The unmarried ladies in the north address the new moon in the following lines :—]

ALL hail to the moon ! all hail to thee !
 I prithee, good moon, declare to me
 This night who my husband must be !

CCCL.

SHOE the colt,
Shoe the colt,
Shoe the wild mare ;
Here a nail,
There a nail,
Yet she goes bare.

THIRTEENTH CLASS—SONGS.

 CCCIV.

PARSON Darby wore a black gown,
 And every button cost half a crown ;
 From port to port, and toe to toe,
 Turn the ship and away we go !

 CCCV.

I HAD a little pony,
 His name was Dapple-grey,
 I lent him to a lady,
 To ride a mile away ;
 She whipped him, she slashed him,
 She rode him through the mire ;
 I would not lend my pony now
 For all the lady's hire.

CCCVI.

As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
 Were walking out one Sunday,
 Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,
 'To-morrow will be Monday.'

CCCVII.

If I'd as much money as I could spend,
 I never would cry old chairs to mend:
 Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend,
 I never would cry old chairs to mend.

If I'd as much money as I could tell,
 I never would cry old clothes to sell;
 Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell,
 I never would cry old clothes to sell.

CCCVIII.

[A north-country song.]

SAYS t' auld man tit oak tree,
 Young and lusty was I when I kenn'd thee;
 I was young and lusty, I was fair and clear,
 Young and lusty was I mony a lang year;
 But sair fail'd am I, sair fail'd now,
 Sair fail'd am I sen I kenn'd thou.

CCCIX.

[The following song is given in Whiter's 'Specimen of ■ Commentary on Shakspeare,' 8vo. Lond. 1794, p. 19, as common in Cambridgeshire and Norfolk.]

DAME, what makes your ducks to die ?
 What the pize ails 'em ? what the pize ails 'em ?
 They kick up their heels, and there they lie,
 What the pize ails 'em now ?
 Heigh, ho ! heigh, ho !
 Dame, what makes your ducks to die ?
 What a pize ails 'em ? what a pize ails 'em ?
 Heigh, ho ! heigh, ho !
 Dame, what ails your ducks to die ?
 Eating o'polly wigs, eating o'polly wigs. [i. e. tadpoles.]
 Heigh, ho ! heigh, ho !

 CCCX.

Buz, quoth the blue fly,
 Hum, quoth the bee,
 Buz and hum they cry,
 And so do we :
 In his ear, in his nose,
 Thus, do you see ;
 He ate the dormouse,
 Else it was thee.

CCCXI.

[Out of the many songs related to the heroine of the following stanza, one only has been deemed eligible for insertion in this volume.]

NANCY DAWSON was so fine,
She wouldn't get up to serve the swine,
She lies in bed till eight or nine,
So it's ho! poor Nancy Dawson.

CCCXII.

WE 're all dry with drinking on 't,
We 're all dry with drinking on 't;
The piper kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
And I can't sleep for thinking on 't.

CCCXIII.

[The tailor's courtship.]

IN love be I, fifth button high,
On velvet runs my courting,
Sheer buckram twist, best broadcloth list
I have for others sporting.

From needle, thread, my fingers fled,
My heart is set a throbbing ;
And no one by, I cross-legg'd sigh,
For charming Betsy Bobbin.
Betsy Bobbin, Betsy Bobbin,
For charming Betsy Bobbin.

Her lips so sweet, are velveret,
Her eyes do well their duty ;
Her skin's to me, like dimity,
The pattern gay of beauty.
Her hand squeez'd oft, is satin soft,
And sets my heart a throbbing ;
Her cheeks, oh dear, red cassimere,
Lord ! what a Betsy Bobbin ! &c.

Her roguish smile can well beguile,
Her every look bewitches ;
Yet never stir, when tacked to her,
For Tim will wear the breeches :
I 've face and mien, am spruce and keen,
And though my heart keeps throbbing,
There's not, in fine, one man in nine,
So fit for Betsy Bobbin, &c.

CCCXIV.

THERE was an old man who liv'd in Middle Row,
 He had five hens, and a name for them, oh !
 Bill and Ned and Battock,
 Cut-her-foot and Pattock,
 Chuck, my lady Prattock,
 Go to thy nest and lay.

CCCXV.

WHO comes here ?
 A grenadier.
 What do you want ?
 A pot of beer.
 Where is your money ?
 I've forgot.
 Get you gone,
 You drunken sot !

CCCXVI.

[Song to a country dance.]

CURLY locks ! curly locks ! wilt thou be mine ?
 Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine :
 But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
 And feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream !

CCCXVII.

[Another version. From Ker's 'Nursery Rhymes,' vol. ii. p. 268.

Pussy cat, pussy cat, wilt thou be mine ?
 Thou shalt neither wash dishes nor feed the swine ;
 But sit on a cushion and sew a silk seam,
 And eat fine strawberries, sugar and cream.

CCCXVIII.

BAH, bah, black sheep,
 Have you any wool ?
 Yes marry have I,
 Three bags full :
 One for my master,
 One for my dame,
 But none for the little boy
 Who cries in the lane.

CCCXIX.

O THE little rusty, dusty, rusty miller,
 I'll not change my wife for either gold or siller.

CCCXX.

I 'LL sing you a song,
Nine verses long,
For a pin :
Three and three are six,
And three are nine ;
You are a fool,
And the pin is mine.

CCCXXI.

THE quaker's wife got up to bake,
Her children all about her,
She gave them every one a cake,
And the miller wants his moulter.

CCCXXII.

BARBER, barber, shave a pig,
How many hairs will make a wig ?
'Four and twenty, that 's enough.'
Give the poor barber a pinch of snuff.

CCCXXIII.

HERE comes a lusty wooer,
 My a dildin, my a daldin ;
 Here comes a lusty wooer,
 Lily bright and shine a.

Pray, who do you woo,
 My a dildin, my a daldin ;
 Pray, who do you woo,
 Lily bright and shine a.

For your fairest daughter,
 My a dildin, my a daldin ;
 For your fairest daughter,
 Lily bright and shine a.

Then there she is for you,
 My a dildin, my a daldin ;
 Then there she is for you,
 Lily bright and shine a.

 CCCXXIV.

ABOUT the bush, Willy,
 About the bee-hive,
 About the bush, Willy,
 I 'll meet thee alive.

Then to my ten shillings,
 Add you but ■ groat,
 I'll go to Newcastle,
 And buy a new coat.

Five and five shillings,
 Five and a crown ;
 Five and five shillings,
 Will buy a new gown.

Five and five shillings,
 Five and a groat ;
 Five and five shillings,
 Will buy a new coat.

cccxxv.

O BONNY Hobby Elliott,
 O canny Hobby still,
 O bonny Hobby Elliott,
 Who lives at Harlow hill :
 Had Hobby acted right,
 As he has seldom done,
 He would have kiss'd his wife,
 And let his maid alone.

CCCXXVI.

We 'll go a shooting, says Robin to Bobbin ;
We 'll go a shooting, says Richard to Robin ;
We 'll go a shooting, says John all alone ;
We 'll go a shooting, says every one.

What shall we kill ? says Robin to Bobbin ;
What shall we kill ? says Richard to Robin ;
What shall we kill ? says John all alone ;
What shall we kill ? says every one.

We 'll shoot at that wren, says Robin to Bobbin ;
We 'll shoot at that wren, says Richard to Robin ;
We 'll shoot at that wren, says John all alone ;
We 'll shoot at that wren, says every one.

She 's down, she 's down, says Robin to Bobbin ;
She 's down, she 's down, says Richard to Robin ;
She 's down, she 's down, says John all alone ;
She 's down, she 's down, says every one.

How shall we get her home ? says Robin to Bobbin ;
How shall we get her home ? says Richard to Robin ;
How shall we get her home ? says John all alone ;
How shall we get her home ? says every one.

We 'll hire a cart, says Robin to Bobbin ;
We 'll hire a cart, says Richard to Robin ;
We 'll hire a cart, says John all alone ;
We 'll hire a cart, says every one.

Then hoist, boys, hoist, says Robin to Bobbin ;
Then hoist, boys, hoist, says Richard to Robin ;
Then hoist, boys, hoist, says John all alone ;
Then hoist, boys, hoist, says every one.

So they brought her away, after each pluck'd a
feather,
And when they got home, shared the booty together.

CCCXXVII.

Up hill and down dale ;
Butter is made in every vale ;
And if that Nancy Cook
Is a good girl,
She shall have a spouse,
And make butter anon,
Before her old grandmother
Grows a young man.

CCCXXVIII.

As I was going up Pippen-hill
Pippen-hill was dirty,
There I met a pretty miss,
And she dropt me a curtesy,

Little miss, pretty miss,
 Blessings light upon you,
 If I had half-a-crown a day,
 I'd spend it all on you.

CCCXXIX.

O RARE Harry Parry,
 When will you marry ?
 When apples and pears are ripe.
 I'll come to your wedding,
 Without any bidding,
 And lie with your bride all night.

CCOXXX.

I AM a pretty wench,
 And I come a great way hence,
 And sweethearts I can get none ;
 But every dirty sow,
 Can get sweethearts enow,
 And I, pretty wench, can get never a one.

CCCXXXI.

THERE was a little boy and a little girl
 Lived in an alley ;
 Says the little boy to the little girl,
 Shall I, oh ! shall I ?

Says the little girl to the little boy,
What shall we do ?
Says the little boy to the little girl,
I will kiss you.

CCCXXXII.

LITTLE boy blue, come blow up your horn,
A sheep's in the meadow, a cow's in the corn ;
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep ?
He's under the haycock fast asleep.

CCCXXXIII.

TRIP upon trenchers, and dance upon dishes,
My mother sent me for some barm, some barm ;
She bid me tread lightly, and come again quickly,
For fear the young men should do me some harm.
Yet didn't you see, yet didn't you see,
What naughty tricks they put upon me :
They broke my pitcher,
And spilt the water,
And huff'd my mother,
And chid her daughter,
And kiss'd my sister instead of me.

CCCXXXIV.

COME, let's to bed,
 Says Sleepy-head ;
 Tarry a while, says Slow ;
 Put on the pot,
 Says Greedy-gut,
 Let's sup before we go.

CCCXXXV.

I'LL sing you a song :
 The days are long,
 The woodcock and the sparrow,
 The little dog has burnt his tail,
 And he must be hang'd to-morrow.

CCCXXXVI.

[Another version, from "Infant Institutes," 3vo Lon. 1797, p. 53.]

I'LL sing you a song, of two days long,
 A woodcock and a sparrow :
 The little dog has burnt his tail,
 And bid his dame good morrow.

CCCXXXVII.

THE cat sat asleep by the side of the fire,
 The mistress snored loud as a pig:
 Jack took up his fiddle, by Jenny's desire,
 And struck up a bit of a jig.

CCCXXXVIII.

LITTLE maid, pretty maid, whither goest thou?
 Down in the forest to milk my cow.
 Shall I go with thee? No, not now;
 When I send for thee, then come thou.

CCCXXXIX.

THOMAS A DIDYMUS, had a black beard,
 Kissed Nancy Fitchett, and made her afeard.

CCCXL.

THE sow came in with the saddle,
 The little pig rock'd the cradle,
 The dish jump'd over the table,
 To see the pot with the ladle.
 The broom behind the butt
 Call'd the dish-clout a nasty slut:
 Odds-bobs, says the gridiron, can't you agree?
 I'm the head constable,—come along with me.

CCCXLI.

AROUND the green gravel the grass grows green,
 And all the pretty maids are plain to be seen ;
 Wash them with milk, and clothe them with silk,
 And write their names with a pen and ink.

CCCXLII.

[The song of a boy while passing his hour of solitude in a
 corn-field.]

Awa' birds, away,
 Take a little and leave a little,
 And do not come again ;
 For if you do,
 I will shoot you through,
 And there is an end of you.

CCCXLIII.

BETTY'S gone a milking, mother, mother ;
 Betty's gone a milking, dainty fine mother of mine :
 Then you may go after, daughter, daughter ;
 Then you may go after, dainty fine daughter of mine.
 Buy me a pair of milk pails, mother, &c.
 Where's the money to come from ? daughter, &c.
 Pawn my father's feather-bed, mother, &c.
 Where's your father to lay ? daughter, &c.

Lay him in the maid's bed, mother, &c.
Where's the maid to lay ? daughter, &c.

Lay her in the pig-stye, mother, &c.
Where are the pigs to lay ? daughter, &c.

Lay them at the stair-foot, mother, &c.
There they'll be trod to death, daughter, &c.

Lay them by the water-side, mother, &c.
There they will be drowned, daughter, &c.

Then take ■ rope and hang yourself, mother, &c.
Go and do thou the same, daughter, &c.

CCCXLIV.

[A Norfolk nursery rhyme.]

BURNIE Bee, Burnie Bee,
Tell me when your wedding be :
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and flee away.

CCCXLV.

THOMAS A DIDYMUS, king of the Jews,
Jumped into the fire and burnt both his shoes.

CCCXLVI.

WHAT care I how black I be,
Twenty pounds will marry me ;
If twenty won't, forty shall,
I am my mother's bouncing girl !

CCCXLVII.

A LITTLE old man and I fell out ;
How shall we bring this matter about ?
Bring it about as well as you can,
Get you gone, you little old man !

CCCXLVIII.

JOHN, come sell thy fiddle,
And buy thy wife a gown ;
No, I'll not sell my fiddle,
For ne'er a wife in town.

CCCXLIX.

I WILL tell my own daddy when he comes home,
 What little good work my mamma has done.
 She has earnt a penny, spent a groat,
 And burnt a hole in the child's new coat.

CCCL.

MY little old man and I fell out,
 I'll tell you what 'twas all about :
 I had money and he had none,
 And that's the way the row begun.

CCCLI.

RIDE, baby, ride,
 Pretty baby shall ride,
 And have little puppy-dog tied to her side,
 And little pussy-cat tied to the other,
 And away she shall ride to see her grandmother.
 To see her grandmother,
 To see her grandmother.

CCCLII.

THE rose is red, the violet's blue,
Carnation's sweet, and so are you.
Thou art my love, and I am thine ;
I drew thee to my Valentine ;
The lot was cast, and then I drew,
And fortune said it should be you.

CCCLIII.

ONE misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man
Clothed all in leather ;
Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin.
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again ?

CCCLIV.

CAN you make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme ;
Without any seam or needlework ?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you wash it in yonder well,

Parsley, &c.

Where never sprung water, nor rain ever fell ?

And you, &c.

Can you dry it on yonder thorn,

Parsley, &c.

Which never bore blossom since Adam was born ?

And you, &c.

Now you have ask'd me questions three,

Parsley, &c.

I hope you'll answer as many for me,

And you, &c.

Can you find me an acre of land,

Parsley, &c.

Between the salt water and the sea sand ?

And you, &c.

Can you plough it with a ram's horn,

Parsley, &c.

And sow it all over with one pepper-corn ?

And you, &c.

Can you reap it with a sickle of leather,

Parsley, &c.

And bind it up with a peacock's feather ?

And you, &c.

When you have done and finish'd your work,
Parsley, &c.

Then come to me for your cambric shirt ?
And you, &c.

CCCLV.

I LOVE sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And took fourpence home to my wife.

Oh, my little fourpence, pretty little fourpence,
I love fourpence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took twopence home to my wife.

Oh, my little twopence, my pretty little twopence,
I love twopence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took nothing home to my wife.

Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing,
What will nothing buy for my wife ?
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
I love nothing better than my wife.

CCCLVI.

Of all the gay birds that e'er I did see,
 The owl is the fairest by far to me ;
 For all the day long she sits on a tree,
 And when the night comes away flies she.

CCCLVII.

LONDON bridge is broken down,
 Dance o'er my lady lee ;
 London bridge is broken down,
 With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again ?
 Dance o'er my lady lee ;
 How shall we build it up again ?
 With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stole away,
 Dance o'er my lady lee ;
 Silver and gold will be stole away,
 With a gay lady.

Build it up again with iron and steel,
 Dance o'er my lady lee ;
 Build it up with iron and steel,
 With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Huzza ! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

CCCLVIII.

JIM CROW's sister,
Bought a little dolly ;
And dress'd it, and nurs'd it,
And call'd it Pretty Polly.

CCCLIX.

I HAD a little hobby-horse, and it was well shod,
 It carried me to the mill-door, trod, trod, trod ;
 When I got there I gave a great shout,
 Down came the hobby-horse, and I cried out.
 Fie upon the miller, he was a great beast,
 He would not come to my house, I made a little feast :
 I had but little, but I would give him some,
 For playing of his bagpipes and beating his drum.

CCCLX.

DANCE, little baby, dance up high,
 Never mind, baby, mother is by ;
 Crow and caper, caper and crow,
 There, little baby, there you go ;
 Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
 Backwards and forwards, round and round ;
 Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,
 With the merry coral, ding, ding, ding.

CCCLXI.

If all the seas were one sea,
 What a *great* sea would that be !
 And if all the trees were one tree,
 What a *great* tree that would be !
 And if all the axes were one axe,
 What a *great* axe that would be !
 And if all the men were one man,
 What a *great* man he would be !
 And if the *great* man took the *great* axe,
 And cut down the *great* tree,
 And let it fall into the *great* sea,
 What a splash splash *that* would be !!

 CCCLXII.

JOHN BALL shot them all ;
 John Scott made the shot,
 But John Ball shot them all.

John Wyming, made the priming,
 And John Brammer, made the rammer,
 And John Scott made the shot,
 But John Ball shot them all.

John Block made the stock,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Scott made the shot,
 But John Ball shot them all.

John Crowder made the powder,
And John Block made the stock,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
 But John Ball shot them all.

John Puzzle made the muzzle,
And John Crowder made the powder,
And John Block made the stock,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
 But John Ball shot them all.

John Clint made the flint,
And John Puzzle made the muzzle,
And John Crowder made the powder,
And John Block made the stock,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
 But John Ball shot them all.

John Patch made the match,
 John Clint made the flint,
 John Puzzle made the muzzle,
 John Crowder made the powder,
 John Block made the stock,
 John Wyming made the priming,
 John Brammer made the rammer,
 John Scott made the shot,
 But John Ball shot them all.

 CCCLXIII.

LITTLE Tommy Tacket,
 Sits upon his cracket;*
 Half a yard of cloth will make him coat and jacket;
 Make him coat and jacket,
 Breeches to the knee.
 And if you will not have him, you may let him be.

 CCCLXIV.

GREEN leaves and pudding pies,
 Tell me where my mistress lies,
 And I'll be with her before she rise,
 Fiddle and aw' together.

* A little three-legged stool seen by the ingle of every cottage in the north of England.

CCCLXV.

Go to bed, Tom ! go to bed, Tom !
 Drunk or sober, go to bed, Tom !

CCCLXVI.

Old woman, old woman, shall we go ■ shearing ?
 Speak a little louder, sir, I am very thick of hearing.
 Old woman, old woman, shall I kiss you dearly ?
 Thank you, kind sie, I hear you very clearly !

CCCLXVII.

[From " *Histrionartix, or, the Player Whipt,*" 4to. Lond. 1610.
 Mr. Rimbault tells me this is common in Yorkshire.]

SOME up, some down,
 There are players in town,
 You wot well who they be ;
 The sun doth rise,
 To three companies,
 One, two, three, four make we !

Besides we that travel,
 With pumps full of gravel,
 Made of such running leather :
 That once in ■ week,
 New masters we seek,
 And never ■■■ hold together.

FOURTEENTH CLASS—FRAGMENTS.

 CCCLXVIII.

LITTLE boy, pretty boy, where was you born?
 In Lincolnshire, master : come blow the cow's horn.
 A half-penny pudding, a penny pie,
 A shoulder of mutton, and that love I.

 CCCLXIX.

WHEN I was a little boy, I had but little wit,
 It is some time ago, and I've no more yet ;
 Nor ever ever shall, until that I die,
 For the longer I live, the more fool am I.

 CCCLXX.

Cross patch,
 Draw the latch,
 Sit by the fire and spin ;
 Take a cup,
 And drink it up,
 Then call your neighbors in.

CCCLXXI.

ROCK-A-BYE, baby, the cradle is green ;
 Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen ;
 And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring ;
 And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.

CCCLXXII.

SHAKE ■ leg, wag a leg, when will you gang ?
 At midsummer, mother, when the days are lang.

CCCLXXIII.

How many miles is it to Babylon ?
 Threescore miles and ten.
 Can I get there by candle-light ?
 Yes, and back again !
 If your heels are nimble and light,
 You may get there by candle-light.

CCCLXXIV.

[The following stanza is of very considerable antiquity, and is
 common in Yorkshire.—See Hunter's Hullamshire Glossary, p. 56.]

LADY-COW, lady-cow, fly thy way home,
 Thy house is on fire, thy children all gone,
 All but one that ligs under a stone,
 Ply thee home, lady-cow, ~~ere~~ it be gone.

CCCLXXV.

[Another version.]

Lady-bird ! Lady-bird !
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn.

CCCLXXVI.

SING jigmijole, the pudding-bowl,
The table and the frame ;
My master he did cudgel me,
For kissing of my dame.

CCCLXXVII.

HERE stands a fist,
Who set it there ?
A better man than you, sir,
Touch him if you dare ?

FIFTEENTH CLASS—TRANSLATIONS

CCCLXXVIII. (p. 32.)

[By Professor Porson, originally printed in ■ newspaper ■ ■ ■
fragment of ■■ old Greek play.]

Κρυσαλλοπήκτους τρίπτυχοι κόροι βροῶς
 Ὡρα θέρους ψαιροντες εὐτάρσοις ποσι,
 Διναῖς ἐπιπτον, οἷα δὴ πίπτειν φιλεῖ,
 Ἄπαντες· εἴτ' ἔφευγον οἱ λελειμμένοι.
 Ἄλλ' εἶπερ ἦσαν ἐγκεκλεισμένοι μοχλοῖς,
 Ἡ ποσὶν ὀλισθάνοντες ἐν ξηρῷ πέδῳ,
 Χρυσῶν ἂν ἠθέλησα περιδύσθαι σταθμῶν,
 Εἰ μὴ μέρος τι τῶν νέων ἐσώζετο.
 Ἄλλ' ὦ τοκεῖς, ὅσοις μὲν ὄντα τυγχάνει,
 Ὅσοις δὲ μὴ, βλαστηματ' εὐτέκνου σπορᾶς,
 Ἦν εὐτυχεῖς εὐχρησθε τὰς θυράς' ὁδοῦς
 Τοῖς παισίν, εὐ σφᾶς ἐν δόμοις φυλάσσετε.

CCCLXXIX. (p. 37.)

ILLE citharistæ filius,
 Thomas, Thomas nominatus,
 Porculo surrepto currit :
 Porcus cito manducatus,
 Thomas, cito verberatus,
 Ululans per vicum fur it,
 Ululans per vicum fur it.

CCCLXXX. (p. 80.)

BARNABÆOCANDIDUS Molossus acer erat,
 Latrabat ille fortiter si mus se commoveret,
 Nequit senex nunc latrare, et canicida pontifex
 Damnabit illum laqueo, et clericus est carnifex.

CCCLXXXI. (p. 97.)

PARVA vagabundos Bopæpia perdidit agnos,
 Nescia secreti quo latuere loci ;
 Bellula, eant, abeant ; ad pascua nota redibunt,
 Et reduces caudas post sua terga gerent.

CCCLXXXII. (p. 97.)

PETIT Bo-Bouton,
 A perdu ses moutons,
 Et ne sait pas qui les ■ pris ;
 O laissez-les tranquilles,
 Ils viendront en ville,
 Et chacun sa queue après lui.

CCCLXXXIII. (p. 107.)

HEI didulum ! atque iterum didulum ! felisque fidesque,
 Vacca super lunæ cornua prosiluit :
 Nescio qua catulus risit dulcedine ludi ;
 Abstulit et turpi lanx cochleare fuga :

CCCLXXXIV. (p. 116.)

HUMTIUS in muro requievit Dumtius alto ;
 Humtius e muro Dumtius heu cecidit !
 Sed non regis equi, reginæ exercitus omnis,
 Humti, te, Dumti, restituere loco !

CCCLXXXV. (p. 116.)

HUMPTIE Dumptie pendait au mur,
 Humptie Dumptie tomba si dur ;
 Ni tous les chevaux, ni les hommes du roi.
 Mettront Humptie Dumptie comme autrefois.

CCCLXXXVI. (p. 141.)

INFANS, quadrvium ad Banburiensium
 Manno te celerem corripe ligneo :
 Nigro vectam ibi equo conspicias anum.
 En quinque in digitis sex habet annulos.

CCCLXXXVII. (p. 145.)

GARCONS et filles, venez toujours,
 La lune est brillante comme le jour ;
 Venez au bruit d'un joyeux éclat,
 Venez de bon cœur, ou ne venez pas.

CCCLXXXVIII. (p. 159.)

QUIDAM in desertis blanda me voce rogavit,
 ‘Fraga quot in pelagi fluctibus orta putes?’
 Nec male quæsitis hoc respondere videbar,
 ‘Salsa quot alecum millia sylva ferat.’

CCCLXXXIX. (p. 160.)

[L’Historiette suivante est empruntée fidèlement d’une ancienne
 chanson qui a été préservé jusqu’à ce jour avec une sollicitude vraie-
 ment religieuse par les nourrices et tous les grands poètes de l’
 Angleterre. La ligne première de l’original commence avec—
 ‘THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN’—(qui, il est nécessaire de dire en
 passant, il ne faut pas confondre avec cette femme intéressante de
 l’Histoire, qui ‘LIVED IN A SHOE’) et elle finit par, ‘AND WHAT
 ■ YOU THINK?’]

IL y avait vieille femme, qui—est ce possible à croire?
 Ne pouvait pas vivre sans manger et boire.
 Elle mangeait si bien,—que son pauvre mari
 Ne trouvait pas même une croûte laissée pour lui.
 Mais elle sortit un jour, pour acheter du pain,
 Et, avant son retour, il n’avait plus faim—
 Elle sortit encore pour faire sonner l’église,
 Et, quand elle revint, il savourait une prise.

cccxc. (p. 161.)

LACERPICIFERO jugo sedebat,
Et si non abeat, diu sedebit,
Spes ille ultima Pillicocciorum.

cccxcī. (p. 165.)

O MEA Maria,
Tota contraria,
 Quid tibi crescit in horto?
Testæ et crotali
Sunt mihi flosculi,
 Cum hyacinthino sereto.

APPENDIX.

 CCCXCII.

[From 'Bracebridge Hall,' 8vo. Lond. 1822, vol. ii, p. 37.]

WHO goes round the house at night?
 None but bloody Tom!
 Who steals all the sheep at night?
 None, but one by one.

CCCXCIII.

BRYAN O'LIN had no watch to put on,
 So he scooped out a turnip to make himself one;
 He caught a cricket and put it within,
 And called it a ticker did Bryan O'Lin!

CCCXCIV.

BRYAN O'LIN had no breeches to wear,
 So he bought him a sheepskin to make him a pair:
 With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in,
 Q how nice and warm! cried Bryan O'Lin.

CCCXCV.

[The man had one eye, and the tree one apple upon it.]

THERE was a man who had no eyes,
 He went abroad to view the skies:
 He saw a tree with apples on it,
 He took no apples off, yet left no apples on it.

 CCCXCVI.

[A game at forfeits.]

MY lady's lap-dog.

Two Persian cherry trees, and my lady's, &c.

Three grey elephants, two, &c.

Four Indian monkeys singing a merry song on
 Killigrew's wedding-day, three, &c.

Five flat floating fly-boats sailing from Madagas-
 car to Mount Cornelia, four, &c.

Six score of Italian dancing-masters teaching ■
 raven and a magpie to sing, five, &c.

Seven pair of Don Rons with two pair of whiskers
 on, six, &c.

Eight concubines taken from the grand Signior's
 seraglio, seven, &c.

Nine Turkey merchants clothed in green and grey,
 standing before the Porto Bristo, eight, &c.

Ten sons of Mahackmedash, going from Inculo to
 Pinculo, to marry the ten daughters of Abednego,
 nine, &c.

CCCXCVII.

CUSHY cow bonny, let down thy milk,
 And I will give thee a gown of silk ;
 A gown of silk and a silver tee,
 If thou wilt let down thy milk to me.

CCCXCVIII.

WILLY boy, Willy boy, where are you going ?
 I'll go with you, if I may :
 I'm going to the meadow to see them a mowing,
 I'm going to help them make hay.

CCCXCIX.

RAIN, rain, go away,
 Come again another day ;
 Little Arthur wants to play.

CCCC.

ROBERT BARNES, fellow fine,
 Can you shoe this horse of mine ?
 Yes, good sir, that I can,
 As well as any other man :
 There's a nail, and there's a prod,
 And now, good sir, your horse is shod.

CCCCI.

WHAT 's the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray ?
They say the balloon
Is gone up to the moon.

CCCCII.

THERE was an old man of Tobago,
Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago ;
Till much to his bliss,
His physician said this—
' To a leg, sir, of mutton you may go.'

CCCCIII.

THERE was an old woman called Nothing-at-all,
Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly small :
A man stretched his mouth to its utmost extent,
And down at one gulp house and old woman went.

CCCCIV.

To market, to market,
To buy a plum bun :
Home again, home again,
Market is done.

CCCCV.

As I was going o'er Westminster bridge,
I met with a Westminster scholar ;
He pulled off his cap and drew off his glove,
And wished me a very good morrow.

CCCCVI.

EVERY lady in this land
Has twenty nails upon each hand,
Five and twenty hands and feet,
All this is true without deceit.

CCCCVII.

WHISKUM whaskum
over the knee ;
Thank you, mama,
for slapping of me.

CCCCVIII.

In fir tar is,
In oak none is ;
In mud eel is,
In clay none is.

CCCCIX.

BLACK we are, but much admired ;
 Men seek for us till they are tired.
 We tire the horse, but comfort man ;
 Tell me this riddle if you can.

ccccx. (See p. 67.)

[The following is a copy of an old book " printed and sold by T.
 Evans, 79, Long-Lane, London," 100 years ago.]

THE Life and Death of Jenny Wren,
 For the use of young ladies and gentlemen.

Being

A very small book,
 At very small charge,
 To learn them to read
 Before they grow large.

As little Jenny Wren,
 Was sitting by the shed,
 She waggled with her tail,
 And nodded with her head ;
 She waggled with her tail,
 And nodded with her head,
 As little Jenny Wren,
 Was sitting by the shed.

The Life of little Jenny Wren,
How she was sick, and got well again.

Jenny Wren fell sick,
Upon a merry time ;
In came Robin Red-Breast,
And brought her sops and wine.

Eat well of the sop, Jenny,
Drink well of the wine ;
Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine.

Here's Jenny on the glass,
Eating the sops very fast.

Jenny she got well,
And stood upon her feet,
And told Robin plainly
She lov'd him not a bit.

Jenny's very naughty tho',
To use her husband Robin so.

Robin being angry,
Hopped on a twig,
Saying, out upon you,
Fie upon you, bold fac'd jig.

So Jenny got well,
And made Robin mad ;
Tho' her health was now good,
Her behaviour was bad.

The Death of little Jenny Wren,
And what the doctors all said then.

Jenny Wren was sick again,
And Jenny Wren did die,
Tho' doctors vow'd they 'd cure her,
Or know the reason why.

Doctor Hawk felt her pulse,
And shaking his head,
Says, I fear I can't save her,
Because she 's quite dead.

Doctor Hawk 's a clever fellow,
Pinched her wrist enough to kill her.

She 'll do very well yet,
Then said Doctor Fox,
If she takes but one pill
From out of this box.

Ah ! Doctor Fox,
 You are very cunning,
 For, if she 's dead,
 You will not get one in.

With hartshorn in hand,
 Came Doctor Tom Tit,
 Saying, rearily, good sirs,
 It is only a fit.

You 're right, Doctor Tit,
 You need make no doubt on
 But death is a fit
 Folks seldom get out on.

Doctor Cat says, indeed,
 I don't think she 's dead,
 I believe if I try,
 She yet might be bled.

You need not a lancet,
 Miss Pussy, indeed,
 Your claws is enough
 A poor Wren to bleed.

I think puss you 're foolish,
 Then says Doctor Goose,
 For to bleed a dead Wren
 Can be of no use.

Why, Doctor Goose,
You're very wise,
Your wisdom profound
Might Ganders surprise.

Doctor Jack Ass then said,
See this balsam, I make it;
She yet may survive,
If you get her to take it.

What you say, Doctor Ass,
Perhaps may be true;
I ne'er saw the dead drink,
Pray, Doctor, did you?

Doctor Owl then declared,
That the cause of her death
He really believed, was—
The want of more breath.

Indeed, Doctor Owl,
You are much in the right,
You as well might have said,
That day was not night.

Says Robin, get out,
You're a parcel of quacks,
Or I'll lay this good whip
On each of your backs.

Then Robin begun
For to bang them about,
They staid for no fees
But were glad to get out.

Poor Robin long for Jenny grieves ;
At last I cover'd her with leaves,
Yet near the place, a mournful lay
For Jenny Wren, sings every day.

Now if you 'd more of Robin know,
Where you bought this I 'd have you go,
And then for what for this you gave,
You there Cock Robin's life may have.

NOTES.

Page 10, line 1. *When good King Arthur.* Mr. Chappell assures me that the following is the correct version of this song :—

‘King Stephen was ■ worthy king,
As ancient bards do sing ;
He bought three pecks of barley-meal,
To make ■ bag pudding.

‘A bag-pudding the queen she made,
And stuffed it full of plums ;
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

‘The king and queen sit down to dine,
And all the court beside ;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.’

P. 12, l. 1. *The house that Jack built.* The Hebrew tale which I have given, may possibly be the original of all accumulative stories of the same kind. The tale of the old woman and the crooked sixpence is one of this class, and I here insert two versions of it :—

‘AN old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. What, said she, shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market, and buy a little pig. As she was coming home, she came to ■ stile ; but piggy would not go over the stile.

'She went a little further, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog, Dog! bite pig; piggy won't go over the stile; and I shan't get home to night. But the dog would not.

'She went a little further, and she met a stick. So she said, Stick! stick! beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to night. But the stick would not.

'She went a little further, and she met a fire. So she said, Fire! fire! burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig, (*and so forth, always repeating the foregoing words*) But the fire would not.

'She went a little further; and she met some water. So she said, Water! water! quench fire; fire won't burn stick. But the water would not.

'She went a little further, and she met an ox. So she said, Ox! ox! drink water; water won't quench fire, &c. But the ox would not.

'She went a little further, and she met a butcher. So she said, Butcher! butcher! kill ox; ox won't drink water, &c. But the butcher would not.

'She went a little further, and she met a rope. So she said, Rope! rope! hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox, &c. But the rope would not.

'She went a little further, and she met a rat. So she said, Rat! rat! gnaw rope; rope won't hang butcher, &c. But the rat would not.

'She went a little further, and she met a cat. So she said, Cat! cat! kill rat; rat won't gnaw rope, &c. But the cat said to her, if you will go to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat. So away went the old woman to the cow.

'But the cow said to her, If you will go to yonder haystack,* and fetch me a handful of hay; I'll give

* Or haymakers, proceeding thus in the stead of the rest of this paragraph:—'and fetch me a wisp of hay, I'll give you the milk. So away the old woman went, but the haymakers said to her, If you will go to yonder stream, and fetch me a bucket of water, we'll give you

you the milk. So away went the old woman to the hay-stack ; and she brought the hay to the cow.

' As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk ; and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat.

' As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk, the cat began to kill the rat ; the rat began to gnaw the rope ; the rope began to hang the butcher ; the butcher began to kill the ox ; the ox began to drink the water ; the water began to quench the fire ; the fire began to burn the stick ; the stick began to beat the dog ; the dog began to bite the pig ; the little pig in a fright jumped over the stile ; and so the old woman got home that night.'

' THERE WAS an old woman, that lived in a house : and, sweeping under her bed, she found a silver penny. So she went to market and bought a pig : but as she came home, the pig would not go over the stile.

' She went a little further, and she met a dog ; and she said to the dog, Good dog ! bite pig : pig won't go ; and it 's time that I was at home an hour and a half ago. But the dog would not. (*And so forth, as in the other story, mutatis mutandis, to the Rat.*)

' She went a little further, and she met a cat. So she said to the cat, Good cat ! kill rat ; rat won't bite rope ; rope won't hang butcher ; butcher won't kill ox ; ox won't drink water ; water won't quench fire ; fire won't burn stick ; stick won't beat pig ; pig won't go. And it 's time that I was at home an hour and a half ago.

' The cat began to kill the rat ; the rat began (*and so forth, as in the other story ;*) the pig began to go. And so the old woman got home at last.'

the hay. So away the old woman went, but when she got to the stream, she found the bucket was full of holes. So she covered the bottom with pebbles, and then filled the bucket with water, and away she went back with it to the haymakers ; and they gave her a wisp of hay.'

It will be observed that these two versions, for which I am indebted to Mr. Black, are much more like the Hebrew tale than *The House that Jack built* ; but as our collection would scarcely be complete without this latter, I shall insert a copy of it :—

1. This is the house that Jack built.
2. This is the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
3. This is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
4. This is the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
5. This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
6. This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
7. This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with a crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,

That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

8. This is the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with a crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
9. This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
10. This is the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That wak'd the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
11. This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That wak'd the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,

That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horri,
 That tossed the dog,
 That worried the cat,
 That killed the rat,
 That ate the malt,
 That lay in the house that Jack built.

P. 19, l. 1. *The rose is red.* The tune to this may be found in the 'English Dancing master,' 1650.

P. 24, l. 6. *To gern.* That is, to cry as a child.

P. 27, l. 8. *Deuce take the.* Sometimes, 'down came.

P. 29, l. 9. *There was a little man.* Sung to the same tune as No. 64. The following version is taken from a broadside printed at Strawberry Hill in the last century :

There was ■ little man, and he woo'd a little maid,
 And he said, my little maid, will you wed ?
 I have little more to say, than will you aye or nay ?
 For little said is soon mended.

Then this little maid she said, Little sir, you 've little said,
 To induce a little maid for to wed ;
 You must say a little more, and must add a little dower,
 Ere I make a little print in your bed.

Then this little man reply'd, if you 'll be my little bride,
 I 'll raise my love note a little higher ;
 Tho' I little love to prate, yet you 'll find my heart is great,
 With the little God of Love all on fire.

Then the little maid she said, your fire may warm the bed,
 But what shall we do for to eat ?
 Will the flames you 're only rich in, make a fire in the kitchen,
 And the little God of Love turn the spit ?

Then this little man he sigh'd, and some say a little cry'd,
 And his little heart was big all with sorrow ;
 I 'll be your little slave, and if the little that I have
 Be too little, little dear, I will borrow.

Then this little man so shent, made the little maid relent,
 And set her little soul a-thinking ;
 Tho' his little was but small, yet she had his little all,
 And could have of a cat but her skin.

P. 30, l. 1. *I had a little moppet.* This is a game.

P. 32, l. 8. *Three children sliding on the ice.* Sung to the tune of the Babes in the Wood.

P. 33, l. 3. *Some Christian people.* Music in D'Urfey's 'Pills to purge Melancholy.' Alluded to Gay's *Trivia*. Wrongly printed, 'Come, Christian people.'

P. 38, l. 7. *There was an old woman.* The first two lines are the same with those of a song in D'Urfey's 'Pills to purge Melancholy.'

P. 38, l. 17. *Kyloe.* The diminutive of kye, a small breed of cattle so called in the North of England.

P. 41, l. 17. *Faustus.* Perhaps Foster.

P. 42, l. 15. *Little blue Betty lived in a den.* The following is another version of this :—

'Little Brown Betty liv'd under a pan,
 See brew'd good ale for a gentleman :
 A gentleman came every day,
 So little Brown Betty hopp'd away.'

P. 47, l. 13. *There was an old man.* A similar story is related in a MS. of the fifteenth century in the Chetham Library at Manchester, which I here insert :—

Jhesu that arte jentylle, ffor joye off thy dame,
As thu wrought thys wyde worlde, in hevyn is thi home,
Save alle thys comperny and sheld them from schame,
That wyllle lystyn to me and tende to thys game.

God kepe alle women that to thys towne longe,
Maydens, wedows, and wyvys amonge ;
For moche the ar blamyd and sometyme with wronge,
I take wyttenes of alle ffolke that herythe thys song.

Lystyn, good serrys, bothe yong and olde,
By a good howsbande thys tale shalbe tolde ;
He weddyd a womane that was ffayre and bolde,
And hade good i-now to wende as theye wolde.

She was a good huswyfe, curteys and heynd,
And he was an angry man, and sone wold be tenyd,
Chydyng and brawlynge, and farde leyke a feynd,
As they that oftyn wyllbe wrothe with ther best frend.

Tylle itt befelle uppon a day, shortt talle to make,
The goodman wold to the plow, his horse gan he take ;
He calyd forthe hys oxsyn, the whyt and the blake,
And he seyde, ‘dame, dyght our denner betyme, for Godes sake.’

The goodman an hys lade to the plow be gone,
The goodwyf hade meche to doo, and sevante had se none,
Many smale chyldern to kepe besyd hyrselfe alone,
She dyde mor then sho myght withyn her owne wone.

Home com the goodman be tyme off the day,
To loke that al thing wer acordyng to hes pay,
‘Dame,’ he sed, ‘is owr dyner dyght?’ ‘Syr,’ sche sayde, ‘naye ;
How wold you have me doo mor then I may?’

Than he began to chide and seyde, 'Evelle mot thou the!
I wolde thou shuldes alle day go to plowe with me,
To walke in the clottes that be wette and meré,
Than sholdes thou wytt what it were a plowman to bee.'

Than sware the goodwyff, and thus gane she say,
'I have mor to doo then I doo may;
And ye shuld folowe me ffoly on day,
Ye wold be wery off your part, my hede dar I lay.'

'Wery! yn the devylles nam!' seyde the goodman,
'What hast thou to doo, but syttes her at hame?
Thou goyst to thi neybores howse, be on and be one,
And syttes ther janglynge with Jakø and with John.

Than sayde the goodwyffe, 'feyr mot yow ffaylle!
I have mor to do, who so wyst alle;
Whyn I lye in my bedde, my slepe is butt smalle,
Yett eyrly in the morning ye wylle me up calle.

'Whan I lye al nyght wakyng with our cheylde,
I ryse up at morow and fynde owr howse wylde;
Then I melk owre kene and torne them on the felde,
Whylle yow slepe ffulle styll, also Cryst me schelde!

'Than make I buter ferther on the day;
After make I chese,—thes holde yow a play;
Then wylle owre cheldren wepe and upemost they,
Yett wylle yow blame me for owr good, and any be away.

'Whan I have so done, yet ther comys more eene,
I geve our chekyns met, or elles they wylb[e] leyne:
Our hennes, our capons, and owr dokkes be-dene,
Yet tend I to owr goslyngs that gothe on the grene.

'I bake, I brew, yt wylle not elles be weille;
I bete and swyngylle flex, ■ ever have I heylle:
I hekyll the towe, I kave and I keylle,
I toose owlle and card het and spyn het on the wheylle.'

‘ Dame,’ sed the goodman, ‘ the develle have thy bones !
 Thou nedyst not bake nor brew in fortnyght past onys ;
 I sey no good that thou dost within thes wyd wonys,
 But ever thow excusyst the with grontes and gronys.’

‘ Yefe a pece off lenyn and wolen I make onys a yere,
 For to clothe owre self and owr cheldren in fere ;
 Elles we shold go to the market, and by het ful deer,
 I ame as bessy as I may in every [yere.]

‘ Whan I have so donne, I loke on the sonne,
 I ordene met for owr bestes agen that yow come home,
 And met ffor owr selfe agen het be none,
 Yet I have not a ffeyr word whan I have done.

‘ Soo I looke to owr good withowt and withyn,
 That ther be none away neder mor nor myn,
 Glade to ples yow to pay, lest any bate begyn,
 And fort to chid thus with me, i-feyght yow be in synne.’

Then sed the goodman in a sory tyme,
 ‘ Alle thys wold a good howsewyf do long ar het were prime ;
 And sene the good that we have is halfe dele thyn,
 Thow shalt laber for thy part as I doo for myne.

‘ Therffor, dame, make the redy, I warne the, anone,
 To morow with my lade to the plowe thou shalt gone ;
 And I wylbe howsewyfe and kype owr howse at home,
 And take myn ese as thou hast done, by God and Seint John !’

‘ I graunt,’ quod the goodwyfe, ‘ as I wnderstonde,
 To morowe in the mornyng I wylbe walkande :
 Yet wylle I ryse whylle ye be slepande,
 And see that alle theng be redy led to your hand.’

Soo it past alle to the morow that het was dayleyght ;
 The goodwyffe thought on her ded and upe she rose ryght ;
 ‘ Dame,’ seid the goodmane, ‘ I swere be Godes myght !
 I wylle fette hom owr bestes, and helpe that the wer deght.’

The goodman to the feeld hyed hym fulle yarne ;
 The godwyfe made butter, her dedes war fulle derne,
 She toke ayen the butter-milke and put het in the cheyrne,
 And seid yet off on pynt owr syer shalbe to lerne.

Home come the goodman and toke good kype,
 How the wyfe had layd her flesche for to stepe :
 She sayd, ' Sir, al thes day ye ned not to slepe,
 Kype wyll eowr chelderne and let them not wepe.

' Yff yow goo to the kelme malt for to make,
 Put smal feyr ndernethe, sir, for Godes sake ;
 The kelme is lowe and dry, good tend that ye take,
 For and het fastyn on a feyr it wylb[e] eville to blake.

' Her sitt ij. gese abrode, kype them wyll e from woo,
 And thei may com to good, that wyll weske sorow i-now.'
 ' Dame,' seid the goodmane, ' hy the to the plewe,
 Teche me no more howsewyfre, for I can i-nowe.'

Forthe went the goodwyff, curtes and hende,
 Sche callyd to her lade, and to the plow they wend ;
 They wer besé al day, a fytt here I fynde,
 And I had dronke ones, ye shalle heyre the best behynd.

P. 52, l. 1. *Lucy Locket*. Lucy Locket and Kitty Fisher were two celebrated courtezans of the time of Charles II. It was to the tune of this nursery rhyme that the song of ' Yankee Doodle ' was written.

P. 53, l. 6. *Bessy Bell and Mary Gray*. These two stanzas are founded on the well-known Scotch story.

P. 55, l. 9. The first line is sometimes as follows :—

' Robin a Bobbin, a Bilberry hen.'

P. 56, l. 7. The merriment of little *Jack Horner* has, I believe, long since departed from the modern series, and I therefore give the following copy of it from Douce's Collection :—' The History of Jack Horner, containing the witty pranks he play'd, from his youth to his riper years, being pleasant for Winter Evenings.'

I.

OF HIS BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

JACK HORNER was a pretty lad,
near London he did dwell,
His father's heart he made full glad,
his mother loved him well.

She often sat him on her lap,
to turn him dry beneath,
And fed him with sweet sugar-pap,
because he had no teeth.

While little Jack was sweet and young,
if he by chance should cry,
His mother pretty sonnets sung,
with lulla-baby-by.

A pretty boy, a curious wit,
all people spoke in his praise,
And in the corner he would sit,
on Christmas holidays.

And said, Jack Horner in the corner,
eats good Christmas pye :
With his thumbs pulls out the plums,
crying what a good boy was I.

These pretty verses which he made
upon his Christmas cheer,
Did gain him love as it is said,
of all both far and near ;

For lasses lov'd his company,
each day above another ;
For why ? they knew that he would be
a man before his mother.

He grew, I say, at any rate
both proper, straight, and trim,
So that young Nancy, Sue, and Kate,
were all in love with him.

Happy was she that could enjoy
from him one kind embrace ;
Though once he was a little boy,
yet now he grows apace.

So few were like him far and near,
and match for him was none ;
As being thirteen inches high,
a giant to Tom Thumb.

Whene'er he took a sword in hand,
he made his foes to bleed,
As you shall understand,
when you this story read.

II.

JACK FRIGHTS A TAILOR FOR CABBAGING CLOTH OUT OF HIS COAT.

JACK being twenty years of age,
liv'd with a worthy knight,
In manner of a pretty page,
to yield him much delight :

The knight right generous and free,
did for a taylor send,
For to make Jack a livery,
So much was he his friend.

Of half a yard of broad cloth
the coat was to be made,
But yet the taylor he was loth
to quit his thievish trade.

The knavish taylor was to blame,
(a crafty cunning wag,)
He pinch'd as much out of the same
as made a marble bag.

His coat was spoil'd then being made,
it came not to his knee :
Jack in a raging passion said,
I 'll be revenged on thee.

The knight he having kill'd a goat,
whose skin was full as black
I do declare as any soot ;
this project pleased Jack.

He wrapt it round him like a gown
at twelve o'clock at night,
And then he rambled thro' the town,
his taylor to affright.

He through a window did advance,
near to the taylor's bed ;
And round the room did skip and dance
with horns upon his head.

He growl'd and grumbled like a bear,
and did such antiicks play ;
As made the taylor then to stare,
and tremble where he lay.

Seeing the horns hang o'er his head,
 his body short and thick,
 The taylor said, speak, who art thou?
 quoth Jack, thy friend old Nick :

Thou hast obey'd my order well
 I find in each degree ;
 And therefore in my gloomy cell,
 I have a place for thee.

For you have been a friend indeed,
 I such a taylor lack :
 Therefore come away with speed,
 I'll bear thee on my back :

Sweet Mr. Devil, then he cry'd,
 O pardon me, I pray ;—
 I can't, I won't, he then reply'd,
 make haste and come away.

The taylor naked to the skin,
 his bed he did refrain,
 And down the town thro' thick and thin,
 he ran with might and main.

 III.

HOW HE SERVED THE COOK-MAID WHO BROKE HIS HEAD WITH
 A LADLE FOR MAKING A SOP IN THE DRIPPING-PAN.

ANOTHER pleasant prank he play'd,
 upon a holiday,
 Unto his master's servant maid,
 which was a bloody fray.

Now she was lusty Jane by name,
 and was their constant cook :
 And when he to the kitchen came,
 she would him overlook.

Upon a certain day young Jack,
A slice of bread did take,
And threw it in the dripping-pan,
that he a sop might make.

So soon as she the same did see,
it put her in a rage,
And with the basting ladle she
Jack Horner did engage.

She gave him cracks upon the crown,
so hard and struck so fast,
That he at length did tumble down,
and gasping at the last.

But though he did at first retreat,
he soon returned again ;
For standing fast upon his feet,
he fought with might and main.

He was but thirteen inches high,
and she full six times more,
Yet, by his ingenuity,
he brought her to the floor.

So cruel hard he made her roar,
she cry'd, Let me alone,
And I will ne'er offend thee more,
Jack, while my name is Joan.

Why, then, said Jack, if it be so
that you 'll not me offend,
I will this minute let you go
and so the fray did end.

IV.

AN OLD HERMIT GIVES JACK AN INVISIBLE COAT AND A PAIR
OF ENCHANTED PIPES WITH WHICH HE PLAYS
MANY TRICKS.

UPON a pleasant holiday,
Jack going to a fair,
And as he pass'd along the way,
he saw a wonder there ;

An aged man sat in a cave,
that could not stand nor go,
His head wore blossoms of the grave,
and look'd as white as snow ;

He call'd to Jack, and this did say,
Come hither lad to me,
And if thou dost my will obey,
rewarded thou shalt be ;

Bring me a fairing from the town,
at thy own proper cost,
A jug of nappy liquor brown,
thy labour shan't be lost.

Jack made the hermit this reply,
who then sat in the cell,
What 's your request I 'll not deny,
and so old dad farewell.

At night he being tight and strong
this lad he bid not fail,
But at his back lugged along
a swinging jug of ale ;

Which when the hermit he beheld,
it pleas'd him to the heart,
Out of the same a cup he fill'd,
and said before we part,

I have a pipe which I'll bestow
upon you,—never doubt,
Whoever hears the same you blow,
shall dance and skip about ;

I have a coat for thee likewise,
invisible I mean ;
And it shall so bedim their eyes,
that thou shalt not be seen :

If thou should with an hundred meet
when thus you pass along,
Although upon the open street,
not one of all the throng

Shall ever see you in the least,
but hear the music sound ;
And wonder that both man and beast
is forc'd to dance around.

Jack took the coat and bag-pipes too,
and thankfully did say,
Old Father, I will call on you
whene'er I come this way.

V.

OF HIS MAKING SIX FIDDLERS DANCE OVER HEDGE AND DITCH
TILL THEY BROKE ALL THEIR GLASSES AND CROWDS.

THIS coat and pipe he having got,
he homewards trudg'd with speed ;
At length it was his happy lot
to cross a pleasant mead ;

Where he six fiddlers soon espy'd
returning from the fair ;
Under their coats crowds by their sides,
with many others there.

Jack presently his coat put on,
that screen'd him from their sight,
Saying I 'll do the best I can
to plague them all this night ;

His pipes he straight began to play,
the crowds they did dance ;
The tradesman too, as fast as they,
did caper, skip, and prance.

Still he play'd up a merry strain
on his pipes loud and and shrill,
So they danc'd and jump'd amain,
tho' sore against their will.

Said they this is enchanted ground,
for though no soul we see,
Yet still the music's pleasant sound,
makes us dance veh'mently.

Jack Horner danc'd and piping went
straight down into the hollow,
So all these dancers by consent,
they after him did follow.

He led them on thro' bogs and sloughs,
nay, likewise ponds and ditches,
And in the thorny briary boughs,
poor rogues, they tore their breeches !

At last it being somewhat late,
Jack did his piping leave,
So ceas'd, seeing their wretched state
which made them sigh and grieve.

Sure this same is old Nick, I know,
the author of this evil :
And others cry'd, if it be so,
he is a merry devil.

Jack Horner laugh'd and went a way,
 and left in despair :
 So ever since that very day,
 no crowdere would come there.

 VI.

JACK'S KINDNESS TO THE INNKEEPER, WHO HE PUTS IN A
 WAY TO PAY HIS DEBTS.

AN honest man, an innkeeper,
 a friend to honest Jack,
 Who was in debt alas ! so far
 that he was like to crack ;

Now this man had a handsome wife,
 sweet, fair, and beauteous too,—
 A Quaker lov'd her as his life,
 and this Jack Horner knew.

The Quaker was an esquire born,
 and did in wealth abound :
 Said he, I 'll catch him in the corn,
 and put him in the pond.

First to the innkeeper I 'll go,
 and when I do him find,
 He soon shall understand and know
 that I 'll be true and kind.

He met him in a narrow lane,
 and said, my friend, good morrow ;
 But the innkeeper reply'd again,
 my heart is full of sorrow ;

Two hundred pounds I am in debt,
 which I must pay next week ;
 It makes me sigh, lament, and fret,
 having the coin to seek.

Quoth Jack, if you'll be rul'd by me,
I'll put you in a way
How you yourself from debts may free
and all the money pay.

Nay, this is joyful news, he cry'd,
thou art a friend indeed,
Thy wit shall be my rule and guide,
for never more was need.

Go tell thy loving wife, said he,
thy joy and hearts delight,
That thou must ride miles forty-three
and shan't come home to-night.

Then mind the counsel I shall give,
and be no whit afraid ;
For I can tell you as I live
your debts will soon be paid.

Mount thy bay nag, and take thy cloak,
likewise thy morning gown ;
And lodge within a hollow oak
a mile or two from town.

Then you may sleep in sweet content,
all night and take your rest,
And leave it to my management,
then, sir, a pleasant jest—

Next morning there you shall behold,
the like ne'er seen before ;
Which shall produce a sum of gold,
nay, likewise silver store.

Unto his house straightway he went,
and told her he must go
A journey, saying be content,
for why, it must be so.

She seemingly began to weep,
and with sad sighs reply'd—
You know, alas! I cannot sleep
without you by my side.

Cries he, kind wife, do not repine,
why should you sigh and grieve?
I go out to a friend of mine
some money to receive.

This said, with woman's fond deceit,
she straightway ceas'd to mourn,
And gave him twenty kisses sweet,
wishing his safe return.

So soon ~~as~~ he was out of sight,
she for the Quaker sent,
And ordered him to come at night,
that to their hearts content

They may be merry, sport, and play,
as her husband was from home.
The Quaker said, by yea and nay,
I will not fail to come.

Now just about the close of day
they did to supper fall;
Now Jack was there as well as they,
and walked about the hall,

And did her fond behaviour note,
she on her friend did lean,
Jack having his enchanting coat
was not for to be seen.

Who perfectly did hear and ~~see~~
when they did toy and play;
Thought he, I'll be revenged ~~on~~ ye,
before the morning day.

■ ■ * ■

VII.

JACK SLAYS A MONSTROUS GIANT AND MARRIES A KNIGHT'S
DAUGHTER.

JACK HORNER a fierce giant kill'd,
one Galligantas stout,
As large as ever man beheld
in all the world throughout.

This very giant could with ease,
step fifteen yards in length :
Up by the root he pluck'd oak trees,
so mighty was his strength.

His lips did open like two gates,
his beard hung down like wire,
His eyes were like two pewter plates,
he breathed smoke and fire.

'Tis said he destroy'd as much
as ten score men could eat ;
So that the people did him grudge
every bit of meat.

His mess was still continually
two bullocks in a dish ;
Then he would drink whole rivers dry,
and thus he starved the fish :

He went to drink it seems one day
by a deep river side,
Whereat a lighter full of straw
did then at anchor ride ;

Besides another full of hay ;
a third with block and billet ;
He cramm'd all these into his maw,
and yet they did not fill it.

He did annoy the nations then,
 by night and eke by day ;
 Whoever passed by his den,
 became his fatal prey.

Hard by there liv'd a noble knight,
 who had one daughter dear ;
 For youth and splendid beauty bright
 but few could her come near.

He preferr'd her to be the wife
 of him that would destroy
 The brutish giant's life,
 who did them so annoy.

At length Jack Horner being told,
 whoever did him slay,
 Might have gold and silver eke,
 likewise a lady gay ;

Quoth Jack, now let me live or die,
 I'll fight this swinging boar ;
 Though I'm but thirteen inches high,
 and he ten yards and more.

A sword he got five inches long,
 A little cap of steel ;
 A breast-plate too both stout and strong :
 quoth Jack, I'll make him reel.

Upon a badger's back he got,
 in order to proceed ;
 Thus being mounted cap-a-pie,
 away he rode full speed.

With double courage stout and bralle,
 he did his valour keep :
 Then coming to the giant's cave,
 he found him fast asleep.

His mouth it was not open wide,
 but stood it seems half-cock,
 Jack down his throat with speed did ride,
 he never stood to knock.

Jack cut and slash'd his swinging tripes,
 this griev'd the giant sore ;
 Then did he play upon his pipes,
 which made him dance and roar.

He cry'd, I dance, yet I 'm not well,
 there 's no man minds my moan :
 At length he died and down he fell,
 Then gave ■ hideous groan.

With that he soon with speed did run,
 and did in brief declare,
 What by his valour he had done,
 and gain'd the lady fair.

He marry'd this fair beauty bright,
 her charms he did admire :
 And since her father was a knight,
 young Jack became a 'squire.

P. 56, l. 21. *And sent him out of town.* A couplet is wanting after this line.

P. 58, l. 17. *Taffy was a Welshman.* Sung on the 1st of March on the Welsh borders, and other parts of England.

P. 62, l. 1. *Three blind mice.* The following version is from, 'Deuteromelia, or the second part of Musicks Melodie, 1609,' where the music is also given :—

'Three blind mice, three blind mice,
 Dame Julian, the miller, and his merry oldw ife,
 She scrapte her tripe, take thou the knife.'

P. 81, l. 9. *She took a clean dish.* Sometimes thus :—

‘ She went to the triper’s.’

P. 85, l. 1. *There was a lady all skin and bone.* The following version was obtained from Yorkshire, where it is used in a nursery rhyme :—

‘ There was an old woman she went to church to pray ;
 And when she got to the churchyard stile,
 She sat her down to think a little while ;
 And when she got to the churchyard door,
 She sat her down, to think a little more ;
 And when she got to the church within,
 She knelt her down to pray for sin ;
 She look’d above, she look’d below,
 She saw a dead man lying low ;
 The worms crept in, and the worms crept out ;
 She asked the parson, ‘ may I go out ? ’
 ‘ Yes, you may,’ &c.

P. 91, l. 7. *There was a frog lived in a well.* The tune to this is given in a scarce work, called ‘ The Merry Musician, or a Cure for the Spleen,’ 12mo, and also in ‘ An Antidote to Melancholy,’ 1719. The well-known song, ‘ A frog he would a wooing go,’ appears to have been borrowed from this. See Daune’s ‘ Ancient Scottish Melodies,’ p. 53.

P. 93, l. 19. *There was an old woman.* Sung to the air of *Lilliburlero*. See ‘ Musick’s Handmaid,’ 1673, where the air is called, ‘ Lilliburlero, or Old Woman, whither so high.’

P. 102, l. 1. *Ding, dong, bell.* The burden to a song in the 'Tempest,' act i. scene 2 ; and also to one in the 'Merchant of Venice.'

P. 102, l. 6. *Dog with long snout.* Sometimes, 'Little Johnny Grout.'

P. 106, l. 11. *Seek a thing, give a thing.* Another version runs thus :—

' Give a thing,
Take a thing,
That 's the devil's golden ring.'

P. 110, l. 15. *Tommy Tibule.* A game on a child's toes.

P. 114, l. 1. *To market, to market.* A game on the nurse's knee.

P. 125, l. 1. *Bisiter.* That is, Bicester, in Oxfordshire.

P. 130, l. 3. *Was.* Probably 'wasn't.'

P. 131, l. 3. This is said to have been written by Dr. Wallis.

P. 133, l. 2. The charm in the 'Townley Mysteries,' to which I refer, is as follows :—

' For ferde we be fryght a crosse let us kest,
Cryst crosse, benedyght, eest and west,
For dreede.
Jesus o' Nazorus,
Crucyefixus,
Marcus, Andreas,
God be our spade.'

P. 133, l. 10. The last two lines of this charm are perhaps imitated from the following in Bishop Ken's *Evening Hymn* :—

' Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep.'

P. 135, l. 1. *We are three brethren.* Sometimes 'knights.' The versions of this game vary considerably from each other.

P. 139, l. 9. The following is a Scotch version of this game :—

1. Buff says Buff to all his men,
2. I say Buff to you again.
1. Methink Buff smiles.
2. No, Buff never smiles,
But strokes his face
With a very good grace,
And passes the staff to another.

P. 142, l. 3. *Then comes.* Sometimes 'Then comes down.'

P. 142, l. 18. A game on a slate.

P. 144, l. 15. *Twelve huntsmen with horns and hounds.* This ought to be said in one breath. The following is another version of it :—

' Eight ships on the main,
I wish them all safe back again,
Seven eagles in the air,
I wonder how they all came there ;
I don't know, nor I don't care.

Six spiders on the wall,
 Close to an old woman's apple-stall ;
 Five puppies in Highgate hall,
 Who daily for their breakfast call ;
 Four mares stuck in a bog ;
 Three monkeys tied to ■ log ;
 Two pudding ends will choke ■ dog,
 With ■ gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.'

P. 145, l. 14. *Girls and boys.* The tune to this may be found in all the late editions of Playford's 'Dancing Master.'

P. 165, l. 9. *Muscles.* *Some read 'cowslips.' I have ■ copy of the date of 1797, which has 'cuckolds,' probably the genuine old reading, and I have seen another read 'columbines.'

P. 170, l. 5. *When I was a little girl.* A friend has kindly furnished me with ■ different version of these curious lines :—

'When I was a little girl,
 I wash'd my mammy's dishes :
 I put my finger in my eye,
 And pull'd out four score fishes.

'My mammy call'd me good girl,
 And bade me do so 'gain :
 I put my finger in my eye,
 And pull'd out four score ten.'

It is a singular fact, that a comparatively modern discovery in physiology was anticipated in the original version of this song.

P. 178, l. 12, 13. Sometimes these lines are thus given :—

‘ And one for the little boy
That lives in the lane.’

P. 182, l. 1. *We'll go a shooting.* This is an English version of a very curious song, used on the occasion of ‘hunting the wren,’ on St. Stephen’s Day, in the Isle of Man. On that day the children of the villagers procure a wren, attach it with a string to a branch of holly, decorate the branch with pieces of ribbon that they beg from the various houses, and carry it through the village, singing these lines. An extract from an Irish work, from which it appears that this custom is likewise prevalent in Ireland, is given in Sir Henry Ellis’ edition of Brand’s ‘Popular Antiquities,’ vol. ii. p. 516 :—‘The Druids represented this as the king of all birds. The great respect shown to this bird gave great offence to the first Christian missionaries, and, by their command, he is still hunted and killed by the peasants on Christmas-day, and on the following (St. Stephen’s Day) he is carried about hung by the leg in the centre of two hoops, crossing each other at right angles, and a procession made in every village, of men, women, and children, importing him to be the king of birds.’ I am glad to be able to give the genuine traditional song, as recited in the Isle of Man :—

THE HUNTING OF THE WRAN.

' We 'll hunt the wran, says Robin to Bobbin ;
 We 'll hunt the wran, says Richard to Robin ;
 We 'll hunt the wran; says Jack o' th' land ;
 We 'll hunt the wran, says every one.

' Where shall we find him ? says Robin to Bobbin ;
 Where shall we find him ? says Richard to Robin ;
 Where shall we find him ? says Jack o' th' land ;
 Where shall we find him ? says every one.

' In yon green bush, says Robin to Bobbin ;
 In yon green bush, says Richard to Robin ;
 In yon green bush, says Jack o' th' land ;
 In yon green bush, says every one.

' How shall we kill him ? says Robin to Bobbin ;
 How shall we kill him ? says Richard to Robin ;
 How shall we kill him ? says Jack o' th' land ;
 How shall we kill him ? says every one.

' With sticks and stones, says Robin to Bobbin ;
 With sticks and stones, says Richard to Robin ;
 With sticks and stones, says Jack o' th' land ;
 With sticks and stones, says every one.

' How shall we get him home ? says Robin to Bobbin ;
 How shall we get him home ? says Richard to Robin ;
 How shall we get him home ? says Jack o' th' land ;
 How shall we get him home ? says every one.

' We 'll borrow a cart, says Robin to Bobbin ;
 We 'll borrow a cart, says Richard to Robin ;
 We 'll borrow a cart, says Jack o' th' land ;
 We 'll borrow a cart, says every one.

' How shall we boil him ? says Robin to Bobbin ;
 How shall we boil him ? says Richard to Robin ;
 How shall we boil him ? says Jack o' the land ;
 How shall we boil him ? says every one.

‘ In the brewery pan, says Robin to Bobbin ;
 In the brewery pan, says Richard to Robin ;
 In the brewery pan, says Jack o’ th’ land ;
 In the brewery pan, says every one.

In the copy which was given to me, there were two additional stanzas, beginning respectively, ‘ How shall we eat him ? ’ and ‘ With knives and forks : ’ but these are probably modern interpolations.

P. 195, l. 1. *Of all the gay birds.* These four lines are a part of an old song, the whole of which may be found in ‘ Deuteromelia,’ 4to. Lond. 1609, and it is singular that it should have come down to us from oral tradition. This version was obtained from Lincolnshire. The following copy is taken from the work here quoted; but there are considerable variations in later copies, some of which may be more correct :—

‘ Of all the birds that ever I see,
 The owle is the fayrest in her degree :
 For all the day long she sits in a tree,
 And when the night comes, away flies she !
 ‘ Te whit, te whow !
 Sir knave to thou,
 This song is well sung, I make you a vow,
 And he is a knave that drinketh now.
 Nose, nose, nose, nose !
 And who gave you that jolly red nose ?
 Sinamont, and ginger, nutmegs and cloves,—
 And that gave me my jolly red nose ! ’

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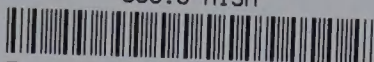
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